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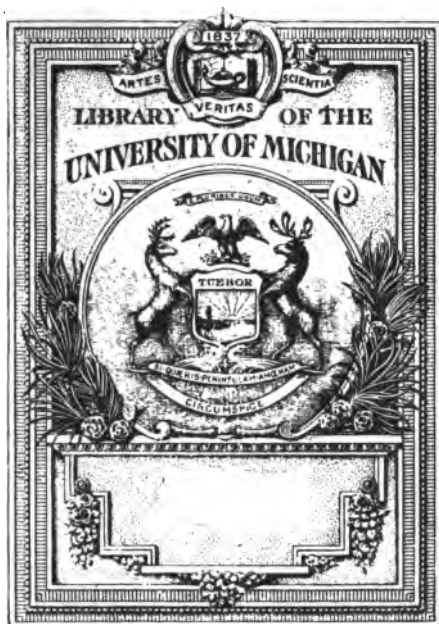
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A MANUAL OF
MYSTIC VERSE

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX



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A MANUAL OF MYSTIC VERSE

BEING A CHOICE OF
MEDITATIVE AND MYSTIC
POEMS MADE AND ANNOTATED



BY

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
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TO
WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

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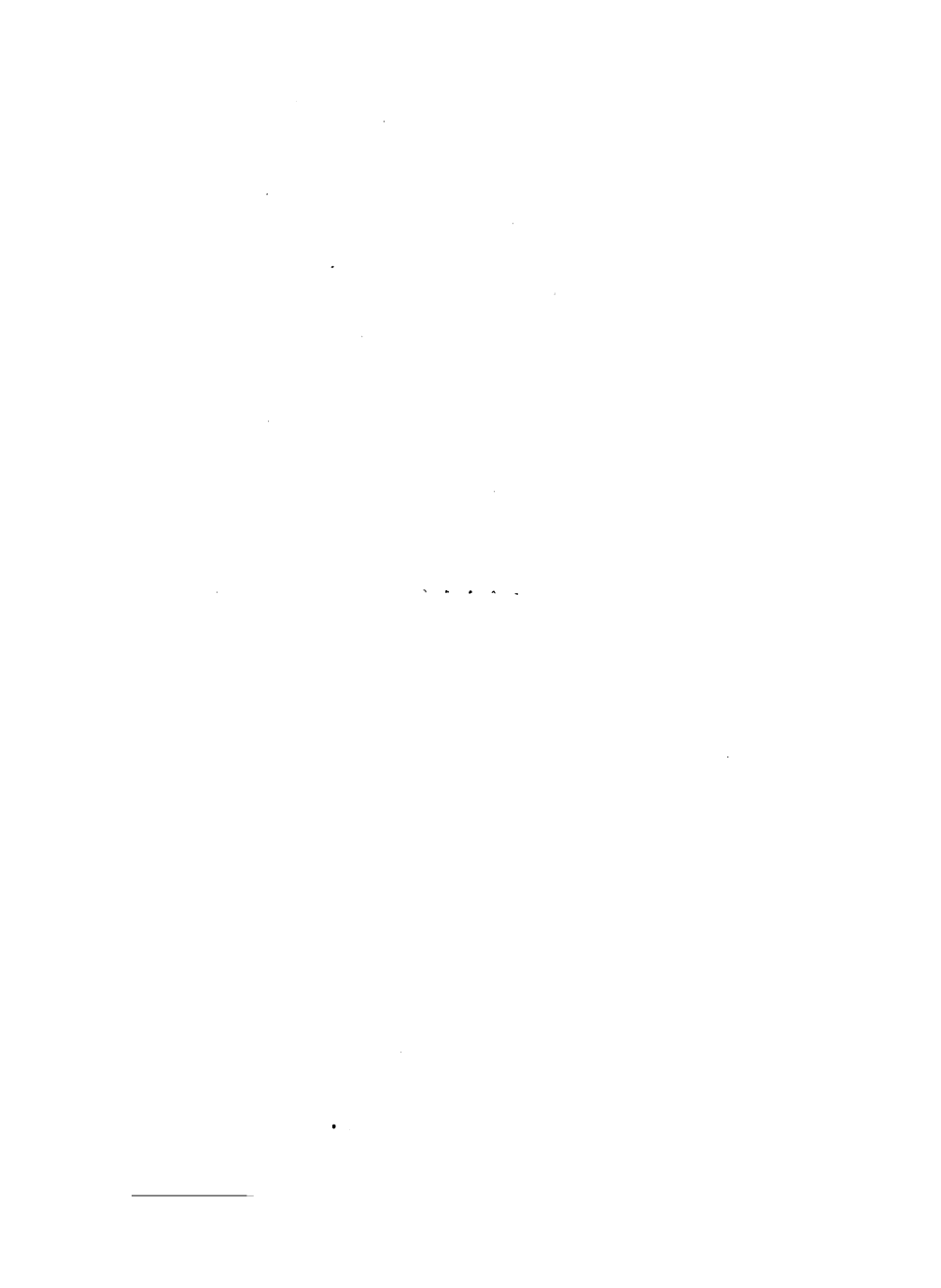
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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN bringing out a second edition of this mystic anthology under a new title, I feel that some explanation is required.

The original title, *A Manual of Spiritual Fortification*, was a stumbling block to many critics and readers. They objected to it on the score of its polysyllabic words and its length. Under the new title, however, I find that I must explain that I believe that the fortification of the spirit by means of such poems as Henley's *Invictus*, Trench's *A Charge*, Louise Imogen Guiney's *The Kings*, Bridges' *Fortitude*, is one step in the spirit's ascent toward the mystic consciousness.

Seven years, the distance between the date of the first and the second editions, is ample time for mental growth and there are many changes that I should like to have made. There are omissions among the earlier poems that I only became aware of too late. The kind guidance of Miss Vida Scudder and Mrs. Mount-Stuart (Evelyn Underhill) pointed out several of these to me.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

There are many changes of feeling as to the more modern poems; notably at the time of the earlier edition, Evelyn Underhill's beautiful volume of verse, *Immanence*, was not yet published and so none of these could be included.

Should this little volume in its present form prove to fill any need of the great sorrowing public of to-day, stretching up yearning hands to some larger and braver vision of the mystic consciousness, a third and corrected edition, more to the author's mind, may yet be made.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

June, 1917.

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THE demands made in such a work as this upon the generosity of authors and publishers are many, and the editor desires herewith to make grateful acknowledgment of her indebtedness. Her thanks are due to the Houghton Mifflin Company for the poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, E. R. Sill, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, and one by Mr. John Vance Cheney; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for poems by George Meredith from the volume entitled *George Meredith's Poems*, and for the poem "If This Were Faith," by Robert Louis Stevenson, from *Poems and Ballads*; to the Macmillan Company, London, for T. E. Brown's "Indwelling"; to Mr. Watts-Dunton and Messrs. Chatto & Windus for A. C. Swinburne's "Hertha"; to the Rev. Minot J. Savage and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for "My Birth," from *Poems* by M. J. Savage; to the Rev. Minot J. Savage and Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company for Philip Henry Savage's "Infinity"; to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Com-

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In closing this list the editor desires to express her sense of the uniform courtesy extended her, and hopes she may not inadvertently have overlooked any acknowledgments or unwittingly trespassed on any one's rights.

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**A MANUAL OF
SPIRITUAL FORTIFICATION**

A MANUAL OF SPIRITUAL FORTIFICATION

MARY AT THE CROSS

"Stond well, mother, under rood;
Behold thy Son with gladé mood;
Blythe, mother, mayst thou be."
"Son, how shall I blithé stand?
I see Thy feet, I see Thine hand
Nailed to the hard tree."

"Mother, do way thy wepynde:
I tholé death for mankind—
For My guilt thole I none."
"Son, I feel the dede stounde;
The sword is at mine herté grounde
That me byhet Simeon."

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

"Mother, mercy! let Me die,
For Adam out of hell buy,
And his kin that is forlore."
"Son, what shall me to rede?
My pain paineth me to dede:
Let me die Thee before!"

"Mother, thou rue all of thy bairn;
Thou wash away the bloody tern;
It doth Me worse than My ded."
"Son, how I terés werne?
I see the bloody streames erne
From Thine heart to my feet."

"Mother, now I may thee seye,
Better is that I one deye
Than all mankind to hellé go."
"Son, I see Thy body byswongen,
Feet and hands throughout stongen:
No wonder though me be woe."

"Mother, now I shall thee tell,
If I not die, thou goest to hell:
I thole death for thine sake."
"Son, thou are so meek and mynde,
Ne wyt me not, it is my kind
That I for Thee this sorrow make."

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

"Mother, now thou mayst well leren
What sorrow have that children beren,
What sorrow it is with childé gon."
"Sorrow, y-wis, I can thee tell;
But it be the pain of hell,
More sorrow wot I none."

"Mother, rue of mother-care,
For now thou wost of mother-fare,
Though thou be clean maiden mon."
"Sone, help at allé need
Allé those that to me grede,
Maiden, wife and full wymmon."

"Mother, may I no longer dwell;
The time is come I shall to hell;
The thridde day I rise upon."
"Son, I will with Thee founden;
I die, y-wis, for Thine wounen:
So sorrowful death nes never none."

When He rose, tho fell her sorrow;
Her bliss sprung the thridde morrow:
Blithe, mother, wert thou tho!
Levedy, for that ilké bliss,
Beseech thy Son of sunnés lisse:
Thou be our shield against our foe.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Blessed be thou, full of bliss,
Let us never heaven miss,
Through thy sweeté Soné's might!
Lovered, for that ilké blood,
That thou sheddest on the rood,
Thou bring us in to heaven's light. *Amen.*

I SYKE WHEN I SING

I syke when I sing
For sorrow that I see,
When I with weeping
Behold upon the tree
And see Jesu the sweet
His herté blood for-lete
For the love of me.
His woundés waxen wete,
They weepen still and mete
Mary, rueth thee.

High upon a down,
There all folk it see may,
A mile from each town,
About the mid-day,
The rood is up arearéd;
His friends are afearéd,

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

And clingeth so the clay;
The rood stond in stone,
Mary stond her on,
And saith, Welaway!

When I see Thee behold
With eyen brighté bo,
And Thy body cold—
Thy ble waxeth blo,
Thou hangest all of blood
So high upon the rood
Between thievés tuo—
Who may syke more?
Mary weepeth sore,
And seeth all this woe.

The nailes be'th too strong,
The smiths are too sly;
Thou bledest all too long;
The tree is all too high;
The stones be'th all wete!
Alas, Jesu, the sweet!
For now friend hast thou none,
ut Saint John to-mournynde,
And Mary wepynde,
For pain that Thee is on.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Oft when I syke
And makie my moan,
Well ill though me like,
Wonder is it none,
When I see hang high
And bitter pains dreye,
Jesu, my lemmon!
His woundés sore smart,
The spear all to his heart
And through his sides gone.

Oft when I syke,
With care I am through-sought;
When I wake I wyke;
Of sorrow is all my thought.
Alas! men be wood
That sweareth by the rood
And selleth Him for nought,
That bought us out of sin!
He bring us to wyne,
That hath us dear bought!

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

WINTER SONG

Wynter wakeneth al my care,
Nou this leves waxeth bare,
Ofte y sike ant mourne sare,
 When hit cometh in my thoth
 Of this worlides joie, how hit goth al to noht.

Now hit is, ant now hit nys,
Also hit ner nere y-wys,
That moni mon seith soth hit ys,
 Al goth bote Godes wille,
 Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth greene,
Nou hit faleweth al by-dene;
Jhesu, help that hit be sene,
 Ant shild us from helle:
 For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

A SONG TO THE VIRGIN

Of on that is so fayr and bright
 Velut maris stella,
Brighter than the dayis light,
 Parens et puella:

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Ik crie to thee, thou see to me,
Levedy, preye thi Sone for me,
 Tam pia,
That ic mote come to thee,
 Maria.

Al this world was for-lore
 Eva peccatrice,
Tyl our Lord was y-bore
 De te genetrice.
With *ave* it went away
Thuster nyth and cometh the day
 Salutis;
The wellé springeth ut of thee,
 Virtutis.

Levedy, flour of alle thing,
 Rosa sine spina,
Thu bere Jhesu, hevene king,
 Gratia divina:
Of alle thou ber'st the pris,
Levedy, quene of paradys
 Electa:
Mayde milde, moder *es*
 Effecta.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

SHEPHERD'S SONG

Tyrle, tyrle, so merrylye the shepperdes begin to
blowe.

About the fyld thei pyped full right,
Even about the middes off the nyght;
Adown frome heven thei saw cum a light.

Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

Off angels ther came a company,
With mery songes and melody.
The shepperdes anonne gane them aspy.

Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

Gloria in excelsis, the angels song,
And said, who peace was present among,
To every man that to the faith would long.

Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

The shepperdes hyed them to Bethleme,
To se that blyssid sons beme;
And thor they found that glorious strepe.

Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

Now preye we to that mek chyld,
And to His mother that is so myld,
The wich was never defyld,

Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

That we may cum unto His blysse,
Where joy shall never mysse,
Than may we syng in Paradice;
Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

I pray yow all that be here,
Fore to syng and mak good chere,
In the worship off God thys yere.
Tyrle, tyrle, etc.

CAROL OF THE VIRGIN

I sing of a maiden
That is makeles;
King of all kings
To her Son she ches.

He came al so still
There His mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To His mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROLS

He came al so still
There His mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddess mother be.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROLS

THE KING'S SON

From a Manuscript at Balliol College, Oxford

*Mater, ora filium,
Ut post hoc exilium
Nobis donet gaudium
Beatorum omnium!*

Fair maiden, who is this bairn
That thou bearest in thine arm?
Sir, it is a King's Son,
That in Heaven above doth wone.
Mater, ora, etc.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROLS

Man to father He hath none,
But Himself God alone!
Of a maiden He would be borne,
To save mankind that was forlorn!
Mater, ora, etc.

Thre Kings brought Him presents,
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense
To my Son full of might,
King of Kings and Lord of right!
Mater, ora, etc.

Fair maiden, pray for us
Unto thy Son, sweet Jesus,
That He will send us of His grace
In heaven on high to have a place!
Mater, ora, etc.

THE VIRGIN'S SON

Now sing we, sing we,
Gloria tibi domine!

Christ keep us all, as He well can,
A solis ortus cardine!
For He is both God and man,
Qui natus est de virgine!
Sing we, etc.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROLS

As He is Lord both day and night,
Venter puellæ baiulat,
So is Mary mother of might,
Secreta quæ non noverat.
Sing we, etc.

The holy breast of chastity,
Verbo concepit filium,
So brought before the Trinity,
Ut castitatis lilium!
Sing we, etc.

Between an ox and an ass
Enixa est puerpera;
In poor clothing clothed He was
Qui regnat super æthera!
Sing we, etc.

THE BEST SONG

All this time this song is best:
Verbum caro factum est!

This night there is a child born
That sprang out of Jesse's thorn;
We must sing and say therefor
Verbum caro factum est!

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROLS

Jesus is the child's name,
And Mary mild is his dame;
All our sorrow shall turn to game,
Verbum caro factum est!

It fell upon high midnight,
The stars shone both fair and bright,
The angels sang with all their might
Verbum caro factum est!

Now kneel we down on our knee,
And pray we to the Trinity,
Our help, our succour for to be!
Verbum caro factum est!

A MIRACULOUS MATTER

Man, move thy mind and joy this feast,
Veritas de terra orta est!

As I came by the way
I saw a sight seemly to see,
Three shepherds ranging in a kay,
Upon the field keeping their fee.
A star, they said, they did espy,
Casting the beams out of the east,
And angels making melody
Veritas de terra orta est!

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROLS

Upon that sight they were aghast,
Saying these words, as I say thee:
"To Bethlehem shortly let us haste,
And there we shall the truthe see!"
The angel said unto them all three,
To their comfort or ever he ceased,
"*Consolamini* and merry be,
Veritas de terra orta est!"

"From heaven, out of the highest see,
Righteousness hath taken way,
With mercy meddled plenteously,
And so conceived in a may,
Miranda res this is in fay!
So saith the prophet in his gest:
Now is He born, scripture doth say:
Veritas de terra orta est!"

Then passed the shepherds from that place,
And followed by the starres beam,
That was so bright afore their face,
It brought them straight unto Bethlem.
So bright it shone, on all the realm
Till they came there they would not rest,
To Jewry and Jerusalem!
Veritas de terra orta est!

RICHARD DE CASTRÉ

RICHARD DE CASTRÉ

PRAYER OF RICHARD DE CASTRÉ

Jesu, Lord, that madist me,
And with Thy blesséd blood hast bought,
Forgive that I have greved Thee
With word, with wil, and eek with thought.

Jesu, in whom is al my trust,
That died upon the roodé tree,
Withdrawe myr herte from fleshly lust,
And from al worldly vanyte!

Jesu, for Thy woundis smerte
On feet and on Thyn handis two,
Make me meeke and low of herte,
And Thee to love as I should do.

Jesu, for Thy bitter wounde
That wente to Thine herte roote,
For synne that hath myn herte bounde,
Thy blessid blood mote be my boote.

And Jesu Christ, to Thee I calle,
That art God, full of might;
Keep me cleane, that I ne falle
In deadly sinne neither by day ne night.

RICHARD DE CASTRÉ

Jesu, grante me mine asking,
Perfect pacience in my disease;
And never mote I do that thing
That should Thee in ony wise displease.

Jesu, that art our heavenly kinge,
Soothfast God, and man also,
Give me grace of good endinge,
And them that I am holden unto.

Jesu, for the deadly tearis
That Thou sheddest for my gilt,
Heare and speede my prayers,
And spare me that I be not spilt.

Jesu, for them I Thee beseche
That wrathen Thee in ony wise,
Withhold from them Thine hand of wreche
And let them live in Thy service.

Jesu, moost coumfort for to see
Of Thy saintis evereachone,
Counfort them that careful been,
And help them that ben woo-begone.

Jesu, keep them that been goode,
Amend them that han grieved Thee,
And send them fruytis of earthly foode
As each man needith in his degree.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Jesu, that art withouten lees,
Almighty God in Trynyte,
Ceasse these werris and send us pees
With lasting love and charitee.

Jesu, that art the ghostly stone
Of al Holy Church in middle erthe,
Bring Thy foldis and flockis in oon,
And rule them rightly with oon herde.

Jesu, for Thy blessidful blood
Bringe, if Thou wilt, the soulis to bliss
Fro whom I have had ony good,
And spare them that have done amiss. *Amen.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

Rorate cæli desuper!
Hevins, distil your balmy schouris,
For now is rissen the bricht day ster,
Fro the ross Mary, flour of flouris:
The cleir Sone, quhom no clud devouris,
Surmunting Phebus in the est,
Is cumin of His hevinly touris;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris seir
And all ye hevinly operationis,
Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
Fyre, erd, air and watter cleir,
To Him gife loving, most and lest,
That come in to so meik manier;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
And thank your Maker hairtfully;
For He that ye nicht nocht come to,
To you is cumin full humbly,
Your saulis with His blood to by,
And louss you of the feindis arrest,
And only of His awin mercy;
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to Him inclyne,
And bow unto that barne benyng,
And do your obseruance divyne
To Him that is of kingis King;
Ensence his altar, reid and sing
In haly kirk, with mynd degest,
Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Celestial fowlis in the aer,
Sing with your nottis upoun hicht;
In firthis and in forrestis fair
Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,

WILLIAM DUNBAR

For passit is your dully nycht;
Aurora hes the cluddis perst,
The son is risen with glaidsum lycht,
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Now spring up flouris fra the rute,
Revert you upwart naturaly,
In honour of the blissit frute
That raiss up fro the ross Mary;
Lay out your levis lustely,
Pro deid tak lyfe now at the lest
In wirschip of that Prince wirthy,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Sing hevin imperiall, most of hicht,
Regions of air mak armony;
All fishe in flud and foull of flicht,
Be myrthfull and mak melody:
All *Gloria in excelsis* cry,
Heaven, erd, se, man, bird, and best,
He that is crownit abone the sky
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

EDMUND SPENSER

EDMUND SPENSER

EASTER

Most glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day,
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin:
And having harrowed hell didst bring away
Captivity thence captive us to win;
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom Thou diddest dye,
Being with Thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live forever in felicity.
And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same againe:
And for Thy sake that all like deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne.
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

TIME'S GIFTS

*Verses found in the Author's Bible in the
Gate-House at Westminster*

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!

PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of Quiet,
My staff of Faith to walk upon;
My scrip of Joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of Salvation,
My gown of Glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill,
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE LIE

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If court and church reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Stab at thee he that will
No stab the soul can kill.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT IN DESOLATION

O Thou, Who sweetly bend'st my stubborn will,
Who send'st Thy stripes to teach and not to
kill!
Thy chearrful face from me no longer hide;
Withdraw these clouds, the scourges of my pride;
I sinke to hell, if I be lower throwne:
I see what man is, being left alone.
My substance, which from nothing did begin,
Is worse than nothing by the waight of sin:
I see my selfe in such a wretched state,
As neither thoughts conceive, nor words relate.
How great a distance parts us! for in Thee
Is endless good, and boundless ill in mee.
All creatures prove me abject, but how low
Thou onely know'st, and teachest me to know:
To paint this basenesse, Nature is too base;
This darknesse yields not but to beames of grace.
Where shall I then this piercing splendour find?
Or found, how shall it guide me, being blind?

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

Grace is a taste of blisse, a glorious gift,
Which can the soul to heav'nly comforts lift:
It will not shine to me, whose mind is drown'd
In sorrowes, and with worldly troubles bound;
It will not daigne within that house to dwell,
Where drynesse reigns, and proud distractions swell.
Perhaps it sought me in those lightsome dayes
Of my first fervour, when few winds did raise
The waves, and ere they could full strength obtain,
Some whispering gale straight charm'd them down
again;

When all seem'd calme, and yet the virgin's Child
On my devotions in His manger smiled;
While then I simply walkt, nor heed could take
Of Complacence, that slye deceitful snake;
When yet I had not dang'rously refus'd
So many calls to virtue, nor abus'd
The spring of life, which I so oft enjoy'd,
Nor made so many good intentions voyd;
Deserving thus that grace should quite depart,
And dreadfull hardnesse should possesse my heart:
Yet in that state this onely good I found,
That fewer spots did then my conscience wound;
Though who can censure. whether in those times,
The want of feeling seem'd the want of crimes?
If solid vertues dwell not but in paine,
I will not wish that golden age againe
Because it flow'd with sensible delights
Of heavenly things: God hath created nights

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

As well as dayes, to deck the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire,
Which better fits the bright celestiaall quire.
Some in foul seasons perish through despaire,
But more through boldnesse when the days are
faire.

This then must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose;
To glory in my basenesse; to rejoyce
In mine afflictions; to obey His voice,
As well when threatenings my defects reprove
As when I cherisht am with words of love;
To say to Him in ev'ry time and place,
"Withdraw Thy comforts, so Thou leave Thy
grace."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SONNET

Leaue me, O Loue, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whateuer fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be;
Which breakes the clowdes, and opens forth the
light,
That doth both shine, and giue us sight to see.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth drawes out to
death,
And thinke how euill becommeth him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly
breath.
Then farewell, world, thy vttermost I see:
Eternall Loue, maintaine Thy life in me.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering in
the snowe,
Surpris'd I was with sudden heat, which made my
herte to glowe;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was
near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright, did in the ayre
appear,
Who scorched with excessive heat, such floods of
tears did shed,
As though His floodes should quench His flames
which with His teares were fed;
Alas! quoth He, but newly borne, in fiery heats
I frye,
Yet none approach to warm their herts or feel
My fire but I!

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

My faultles breast the fornace is, the fuell wound-
ing thornes,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes
shame and scornes;
The fuell Justice layeth on, and Mercy blowes the
coales;
The metall in this fornace wrought are men's
defiléé soules,
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to
their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My
blood:
With this He vanisht out of sight and swiftly
shronck away,
And straight I calléd unto mind that it was Christ-
mas-daye.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMPE

Behold a sely, tender Babe,
In freezing winter nighte,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas! a piteous sighte!

The inns are full, no man will yelde
This little pilgrime bedd;
But forced He is with sely beastes
In cribb to shroude His headd.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

Despise not Him for lyinge there,
First what He is enquire;
An orient perle is often founde
In depth of dirty mire.

Waye not His cribbe, His wodden dishe,
Nor beastes that by Him feede;
Waye not His mother's poore attire
Nor Josephe's simple weede.

His stable is a Prince's courte,
The cribbe His chaire of State;
The beastes are parcell of His pompe,
The wodden dishe, His plate.

The parsons in that poore attire
His royal ivery weare;
The Prince Himself is come from heaven,
This pompe is priséd there.

With joy approach, O Christian wighte!
Do homage to thy Kinge;
And highly prise His humble pompe
Which He from Heaven doth bringe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE THE WASTE OF SHAME

Th' expense of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
Enjoyd no sooner but dispised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreame;
A blisse in prooffe and proved a very wo;
Before a joy proposed, behind a dream,
All this the world well knowes; yet none knowes
well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

THE REMEDY

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powers that thee
array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?

THOMAS CAMPION

Why so large cost having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse
Eat up thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then soule live thou upon thy servants losse,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy tearms divine in selling houres of drosse:
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying
then.

THOMAS CAMPION

INVOCATION

View me, Lord, a work of Thine:
Shall I then lie drowned in night?
Might Thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so
On the poisoned baits of sin,
That I strange and ugly grow,
All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At Thine altar, pure and white:
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

THOMAS CAMPION

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears;
But the covenants Thou hast made,
Endless, know nor days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,
To Thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

SIR HENRY WOTTON

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of publick fame or private breath;

JOHN DONNE

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

JOHN DONNE

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

I

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
For I have more.

JOHN DONNE

II

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have wonne
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;
For I have more.

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

TO DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have called
thee
Mightie and dreadful, for thou art not soe;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost over-
throw,
Dye not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture bee,

JOHN DONNE

Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must
 flowe,
And soonest our best men do with thee goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules' deliverie.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warr, and sicknes dwell,
And poppie or charmes can make us sleep as well,
And better then thy stroke; why swell'st thou
 then?
One short sleepe past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt
 dye.

A HYMNE TO CHRIST. AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY

In what torne ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my embleme of Thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that floud
Shall be to mee an embleme of Thy blood;
Though Thou with clouds of anger doe disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those
 eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

JOHN DONNE

I sacrifice this island unto Thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love mee;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and
mee,
Put Thou Thy sea betwixt my sinns and Thee.
As the tree's sapp doth seek the roote below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but Thee, th' eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor Thou, nor Thy religion, dost controule
The amorousness of a harmonious soule;
But Thou wouldst have that love Thy selfe: as
Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now;
Thou lovest not, till from loving more Thou free
My soule; Who ever gives, takes libertie;
Oh, if Thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, Thou lov'st not mee.

Seal, then, this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd bee
On fame, wit, hopes (false mistresses), to Thee.
Churches are best for prayre, that have least light;
To see God only, I goe out of sight:
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlastinge night.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

PHINEAS FLETCHER

AN HYMNE

Drop, drop, slow tears
And bathe Those beauteous feet
Which brought from heav'n
The news and Prince of peace;
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to intreat;
To crie for vengeance
Sinne doth never cease:
In your deep flouds
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sinne but through my tears.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

SOUL, WHICH TO HELL WAST THRALL

Soul, which to hell wast thrall,
He, He for thine offence
Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign excellence!
O life of all that lives!
Eternal bounty, which all goodness gives!
How could Death mount so high?
No wit this point can reach;
Faith only doth us teach,
For us He died, at all who could not die.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

WORLD'S BEAUTY

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible, which world we name,
Yet silly mansion but of mortal wights;
How many wonders, what amazing lights,
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
Which doth transcend all this great All's high
heights,
Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam!
O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign!
Blest people, who do see true beauty's face,
With whose dark shadows He but earth doth
deign,
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy
life.

THE LAST HOPE

Too long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long panted on the Ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
And hunted joys, which to my soul were bleames.

ROBERT HERRICK

Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
An ought, a thought, a show of mocking dreams.
Henceforth on Thee, mine only good, I'll think,
For only Thou canst grant what I do crave;
Thy nail my pen shall be, Thy blood mine ink,
Thy winding-sheet my paper, study, grave.
And till that soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I'll have, but only, only Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

AN ODE TO GOD

Deer God,
If Thy smart Rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With Thine, or Thee,
In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sinnes, by gently striking;
Add still to those
First stripes, new blowes,
According to Thy liking.

ROBERT HERRICK

Feare me,
Or scourging teare me;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from Hell
Flie up, to dwell
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the artlesse Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his Fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK

When his Potion and his Pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the Furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayd;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When (God knowes) I'm tost about,
Either with despaire, or doubt;
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

GRACE FOR A CHILD

I

What God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thank'd for those, and these;
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our Peace here, like a Spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

ROBERT HERRICK

II

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a Fast, to keep
The Larder leane?
And cleane
From fat of Veales, and Sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with Fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look, and a sowre?

HENRY KING

No: 'Tis a Fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry Soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not Bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

HENRY KING

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud; you know your birth;
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever Spring:
My fate would know no Winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing.

FRANCIS QUARLES

O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
But rather to take truce!
How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce!
You fragrant flowers! then teach me, that my
breath
Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

FRANCIS QUARLES

RESPICE FINEM

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the Play before the Play is done:
Her Plot has many changes; Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the last act crowns the Play.

FALSE WORLD

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are so slight:

FRANCIS QUARLES

Thy morning pleasures make an end
 To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st;
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heav'n; fond earth, thou boast'st; false
 world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
 Of endlesse treasure:
Thy bounty offers easy sales
 Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the Conscience what she ails,
 And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st,
Alas, fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou
 ly'st.

What well adviséd eare regards
 What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards;
 Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st;
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou
 ly'st.

FRANCIS QUARLES

Thy tinsil-bosome seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure;
A Paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure;
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; Vain man, that thou rely'st
On earth; Vain man, thou doat'st; Vain earth,
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is drosse and trash?
The height of whose inchaunting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortalls with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordiall peace? False world,
thou ly'st.

A DIVINE RAPTURE

Canticles II. 16

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,

FRANCIS QUARLES

Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my Best-beloved's am; so He is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joined; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and He was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;
So I my Best-beloved's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering monarchs, that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my Beloved's
mine.

He gives me wealth; I give Him all my vows:
I give Him songs; He gives me length of days:
With wreaths of grace He crowns my conquering
brows;
And I His temples with a crown of praise,
Which He accepts: an everlasting sign
That I my Best-beloved's am; that He is
mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES

THE FOYL

'Tis but a foyl at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript
Just as I slipt:
Me wanton weakness did her self betray
With too much play:
I was too bold: he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? Nay, put case he be
Foyl'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to Heaven, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gamester ups afresh, and then,
Falls to 't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquered life, or craven'd, dies.

GEORGE HERBERT

GEORGE HERBERT

EASTER

I got me flours to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

Yet though my flours be lost, they say
A hart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

THE COLLAR

I struck the board, and cry'd, "No more;
I will abroad;"
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it; there was corn

GEORGE HERBERT

Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to
thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Childe;"
And I reply'd, "My Lord."

GEORGE HERBERT

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
"Let us," said He, "poure on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
So both should losers be."

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to My breast."

GEORGE HERBERT

DISCIPLINE

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

GEORGE HERBERT

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of warre
And can shoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod:
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God;
Throw away Thy wrath.

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here:"
Love said, "You shall be he."

GEORGE HERBERT

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the
blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste My
meat."
So I did sit and eat.

THE ELIXIR

Teach me, my God and King
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

GEORGE HERBERT

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heaven espie.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture, "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

MAN

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

GEORGE HERBERT

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more; he is a tree, yet bears mo' fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we onely bring;
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth resteth, heav'n moueth, fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

GEORGE HERBERT

The starres have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne with-
draws;
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In our descent and being; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguishéd, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT

FRAILTIE

Lord, in my silence how do I despise
 What upon trust
Is styléd honour, riches, or fair eyes,
 But is fair dust!
 I surname them gilded clay,
 Deare earth, fine grasse or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
 Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments,
 The world's and Thine—
Thine clad with simplenesse and sad events;
 The other fine,
 Full of glorie and gay weeds,
 Brave language, braver deeds—
That which was dust before doth quickly rise,
 And prick mine eyes.

O, brook not this, lest if what even now
 My foot did tread
Affront those joyes wherewith Thou didst endow
 And long since wed
 My poore soul, ev'n sick of love—
 It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and Thee,
 Planted in me.

GEORGE HERBERT

NATURE

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That Thou hast ought to do with me:
 O, tame my heart;
 It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee.

If Thou shalt let this venome lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
 And thence, by kinde,
 Vanish into a winde,
Making Thy workmanship deceit.

O, smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave Thy rev'rend Law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
 Is saplesse grown,
 And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust then Thee to hold.

F. B. P.

URBS BEATA HIERUSALEM

Hierusalem, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
There is no death, nor ugly deuil,
But Life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine.
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there!

Within thy gates no thing can come
That is not passing clean:
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy Saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan,
We sigh, and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishéd with trees and fruit,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet,
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound,
What tongue can tell or heart receive
The joys that there are found?

Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

There David stands, with harp in hands
As master of the choir,
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

A. W.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed Saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

Hierusalem, my happy home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! *Amen.*

A. W.

THOUGH LATE, MY HEART

Though late, my heart, yet turn at last,
And shape thy course another way;
'Tis better lose thy labour past
Than follow on to sure decay:
What though thou long have stray'd awry?
In hope of grace for mercy cry.

Though weight of sin doth press thee down
And keep thee grov'ling on the ground;

Though black Despair, with angry frown,
Thy wit and judgment quite confound;
 Though time and wit have been misspent,
 Yet grace is left if thou repent.

Weep then, my heart, weep still and still,
Nay, melt to floods of flowing tears;
Send out such shrieks as heav'n may fill
And pierce thine angry Judge's ears,
 And let thy soul, that harbours sin,
 Bleed streams of blood to drown it in.

Then shall thine angry Judge's face
To cheerful looks itself apply;
Then shall thy soul be fill'd with grace,
And fear of death constrain'd to fly.
 Even so, my God! oh when? how long?
 I would, but Sin is too, too strong.

I strive to rise, Sin keeps me down;
I fly from Sin, Sin follows me.
My will doth reach at glory's crown,
Weak is my strength, it will not be.
 See how my fainting soul doth pant;
 Oh, let Thy strength supply my want.

ANONYMOUS

THE HEART'S CHAMBERS

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts
And keep out sorrow from this room within,
Or memory could cancel all the notes
Of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin:
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should
lie
Discharged of such a loathsome company!

Or were there other rooms without my heart
That did not to my conscience join so near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart
That I might not their clam'rous crying hear;
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress!

But, O my Saviour, Who my refuge art,
Let Thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and
me,
And be the wall to separate my heart,
So that I may at length repose me free;
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,
And I remain divided from my sin.

ANONYMOUS

A HEAVENLIE VISITOR

Yet if His Majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."

Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,

JOHN MILTON

And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge Him in the manger.

JOHN MILTON

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

It was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to Him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no reason then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,

JOHN MILTON

And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,

The Sainly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,

She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and
Land.

No War, or Battails sound
Was heard the World around,

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light

His raign of peace upon the earth began:

JOHN MILTON

The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could
bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;

JOHN MILTON

Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly
close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was don,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac't night
array'd,

JOHN MILTON

The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born
Heir.

Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set,
And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,

JOHN MILTON

And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th' enameld *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down stea-
ring,
And Heav'n as at som festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace
Hall.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,

JOHN MILTON

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out
brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread
His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his fouled tail.

The Oracles are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic
cell.

JOHN MILTON

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
 The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight
 plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound
 Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor, and Baalim
Forsake their Temples dim,
 With that twise-batter'd god of *Palestine*,
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
 Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz*
 mourn.

JOHN MILTON

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
 His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
 In dismall dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
 Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings
 loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worship
 Ark.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
 The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
 Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew His Godhead true,
Can in His swadling bands controul the damned
 crew.

JEREMY TAYLOR

So when the Sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th' infernall jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-
lov'd maze.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious Song should here have
ending,
Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp at-
tending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

JEREMY TAYLOR

THE PRAYER

My soul doth pant towards Thee,
My God, source of eternal life:
Flesh fights with me;
Oh, end the strife,

JEREMY TAYLOR

And part us, that in peace I may
 Unclay
 My wearied spirit, and take
My flight to Thy eternal spring;
 Where, for His sake
 Who is my King,
I may wash all my tears away
 That day.
 Thou conqueror of Death,
Glorious triumpher o're the grave,
 Whose holy breath
 Was spent to save
Lost mankinde, make me to be stil'd
 Thy child,
 And take me when I die
And go unto the dust; my soul
 Above the sky
 With saints enroll,
That in Thy arms, for ever, I
 May lie. *Amen.*

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY

Awake, my soul, and come away!
 Put on thy best array;
 Least if thou longer stay,
Thou lose some minutes of so blest a day.

JEREMY TAYLOR

Goe run,
And bid good morrow to the sun:
Welcome his safe return
To Capricorn;
And that great morne
Wherein a God was borne,
Whose story none can tell
But He Whose every word's a miracle.
To-day Almightyness grew weak;
The Word itself was mute, and could not
speak.

That Jacob's star Which made the sun
To dazzle if he durst look on,
Now mantled o're Bethlem's night,
Borrowed a star to show Him light.
He that begirt each zone,
To Whom both poles are one,
Who grasped the Zodiac in 's hand,
And made it move or stand,
If now by nature MAN,
By stature but a span;
Eternitie is now grown short;
A King is borne without a court;
The water thirsts; the fountain's dry;
And Life, being borne, made apt to dye.
Chorus. Then let our prayers emulate and vie
With His humility:
Since Hee's exil'd from skeyes
That we might rise—

RICHARD CRASHAW

From low estate of men
Let's sing Him up again!
Each man winde up 's heart
 To bear a part
In that angelick quire, and show
His glory high as He is low!
Let's sing towards men good will and charity,
Peace upon Earth, glory to God on high.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE FLAMING HEART

*Upon the book and picture of the seraphical Saint
Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a
Seraphim beside her.*

Well-meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haste to admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire.
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be ruled by me; and make
Here a well-placed and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong, to read it right;

RICHARD CRASHAW

Read him for her, and her for him,
And call the Saint the seraphim.

Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother-seraphim.
This is the mistress-flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame;
And mocks with female frost Love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou mean'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman-saint.
But had thy pale-faced purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright
book,

Thou wouldst on her have heap'd up all
That could be form'd seraphical;
Whate'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheeks and glist'ring wings,
All those fair and fragrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Do then, as equal right requires:
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,

RICHARD CRASHAW

Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.

Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheek of a rivall'd lover;
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.

Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee;
Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her and Love?
Say, and bear witness. Sends she not
A seraphim, at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
Heaven's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give then the dart to her who gives the
flame;

Give him the veil, who gives the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate
Of worse faults to be fortunate:
If all's prescription; and proud wrong
Harkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistening wings;

RICHARD CRASHAW

The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.

Leave her that; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver;
For in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st part,
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart! equal poise of Love's both parts
Big alike with wound and darts.
Live in these conquering leaves: live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant
flame.

Live here, great heart; and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound; and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life wher'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't: and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scattered shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;

HENRY MORE

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day
And by thy thirsts of love, more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

HENRY MORE

CHARITY AND HUMILITY

Far have I clambred in my mind
But nought so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are nought compar'd to that good sprite.
Life of delight and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher then Heaven! lower then hell!
What is thy tent? Where maist thou dwell?
My mansion hight humility,
Heaven's vastest capability.

HENRY MORE

The further it doth downward tend
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost nought,
It shall return with that it sought.
Lord, stretch thy tent in my strait breast;
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wontest to inspire
All self-dead souls. My life is gone,
Sad solitude 's my irksome wonne.
Cut off from men and all this world,
In Lethe's lonesome ditch I'm hurl'd;
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,
Nor do I care to be above.
O feeble rayes of mentale light!
That best be seen in this dark night,
What are you? What is any strength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I nought desire
But a new life, or quite t' expire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in skie,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced Moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright Noon;
Though all things were put in my hand,
As parch'd, as dry as th' Libyan sand
Would be my life, if Charity
Were wanting. But Humility

JOSEPH BEAUMONT

Is more than my poor soul durst crave
That lies entomb'd in lowly grave.
But if 'twere lawful up to send
My voice to Heaven, this should it rend.
"Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
That thou maist raise me with the just."

JOSEPH BEAUMONT

THE HOUSE OF THE MIND

Seek no more abroad, say I,
House and Home, but turn thine Eye
Inward, and observe thy Breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.
That's a close immured tower
Which can mock all hostile power.
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.
Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly sober mind
Heav'n itself full room doth find.
Th' infinite Creator can
Dwell in it; and may not Man?
Here content make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

HENRY VAUGHAN

HENRY VAUGHAN

CHILDHOOD

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quick would I make my path ev'n,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living—fie on men!—
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself?

HENRY VAUGHAN

Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy centre and midday!
For sure that is the narrow way!

HENRY VAUGHAN

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flowre,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;

HENRY VAUGHAN

From whence th' inlightened spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move:
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

THE NIGHT

John, Cap. 3, Ver. 2

Through that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms
shine,

And face the moon:
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise!
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

HENRY VAUGHAN

O who will tell me, where
He found Thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
 So rare a flower;
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But His own living works did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone;
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; Care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb!
 Christ's progress, and His prayer-time;
 The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is fill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of Night;
 His still, soft call;
 His knocking-time; the soul's dumb watch,
 When spirits their fair kindred catch.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry mire;
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres

HENRY VAUGHAN

Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and
woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Work'd under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

HENRY VAUGHAN

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantick as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and
sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light.
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way;
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!

HENRY VAUGHAN

But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whisper'd thus,
"This ring the Bride-groom did for none provide,
But for His bride."

John, Cap. 2, Ver. 16, 17

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the
lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the
Father, but is of the world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof;
but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*

MAN

I

Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks, the noiseless
date

And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and
flowres,

Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bow'rs;

HENRY VAUGHAN

II

I would—said I—my God would give
The staidness of these things to man; for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and
dine;
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.

III

Man hath still either toys, or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

IV

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

HENRY VAUGHAN

I WALK'D THE OTHER DAY, TO SPEND
MY HOUR

I walk'd the other day, to spend my hour,
 Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flowre;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre,
 And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I, whose search lov'd now to peep and peer
 I' th' face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other springs
 Besides this here;
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
 And so the flowre
Might have some other bowre.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
 I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
 And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
 Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head:
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropp'd down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whisper'd, "Happy are the dead!
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!"

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;
But is still trod
By ev'ry wand'ring clod.

O Thou! Whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor name;

HENRY VAUGHAN

Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows
reign,

Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in Thee, show me His life again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit ling'ing here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

HENRY VAUGHAN

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress'd,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have show'd them
me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may
know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,

JOHN DRYDEN

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,

And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn there;

But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,

She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all

Created glories under Thee!

Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall

Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill

My perspective still as they pass:

Or else remove me hence unto that hill

Where I shall need no glass.

JOHN DRYDEN

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

Creator Spirit, by Whose aid

The world's foundations first were laid,

Come visit every pious mind;

Come pour Thy joys on humankind;

JOHN DRYDEN

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthy parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And, when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

WONDER

How like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their Glory me did crown!
The world resembled his *Eternity*,
In which my soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

A native health and innocence
 Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all His Glories show,
 I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all Spirit. I within did flow
 With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
 But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed,
 Oppressions, tears and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping
 eyes
Were hid, and only things revealed
Which heavenly Spirits and the Angels prize
 The state of Innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
 Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
 The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
 The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
 And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
 Adorned the ground.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and
green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great Wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this!

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Para-
dise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges, ornaments;
Walls, boxes, coffers and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn:
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

THE APPROACH

That childish thoughts such Joys inspire
Doth make my wonder and His glory higher;
His Bounty and my Wealth more great;
It shows His kingdom and His Work complete,
In which there is not anything
Not meet to be the Joy of Cherubim.

He in our childhood with us walks,
And with our thoughts Mysteriously he talks;
He often visiteth our Minds,
But cold acceptance in us ever finds:
We send Him often griev'd away;
Else would He shew us all His Kingdom's Joy.

O Lord I wonder at Thy Love,
Which did my Infancy so early move,
But more at that which did forbear,
And move so long, tho' slighted many a year:
But most of all, at least that Thou
Thyself shouldst me convert I scarce know how.

Thy Gracious Motions oft in vain
Assaulted me: my Heart did hard remain
Long time: I sent my God away,
Grieved much that He could not impart His joy.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

I careless was, nor did regard
The End for which He all those Thoughts prepared.

But now with New and Open Eyes
I see beneath as if above the skies;
And as I backward look again,
See all His thoughts and mine most clear and plain.
He did Approach, He me did woo;
I wonder that my God this thing would do.

From nothing taken first I was;
What wondrous Things His Glory brought to pass!
Now in this World I Him behold,
And me enveloped in more than gold,
In deep Abysses of Delights,
In present hidden precious Benefits.

Those thoughts His Goodness long before
Prepared as precious and Celestial store,
With curious art in me inlaid,
That Childhood might itself alone be said
My Tutor, Teacher, Guide to be,
Instructed then even by the Deity.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

THE CIRCULATION

As fair ideas from the sky,
Or images of things,
Unto a spotless mirror fly,
On unperceived wings,
And lodging there affect the sense,
As if at first they came from thence;
While being there, they richly beautify
The place they fill, and yet communicate
Themselves, reflecting to the seer's eye;
Just such is our estate.
No praise can we return again,
No glory in ourselves possess,
But what derived from without we gain,
From all the mysteries of blessedness.

No man breathes out more vital air
Than he before sucked in:
Those joys and praises must repair
To us, which 'tis a sin
To bury in a senseless tomb,
An earthly wight must be the Heir
Of all those joys the Holy Angels prize,
He must a King before a Priest become,
And gifts receive or ever sacrifice.
'Tis blindness makes us Dumb.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Had we but those celestial eyes,
Whereby we could behold the sum
Of all His bounties, *we should overflow*
With praises did we but their Causes know.

All things to Circulations owe
Themselves; by which alone
They do exist; They cannot shew
A sigh, a word, a groan,
A colour or a glimpse of Light,
The sparkle of a precious stone,
A virtue, or a Smell, a lovely sight,
A fruit, a beam, an influence, a tear,
But they another's livery must wear,
And borrow matter first,
Before they can communicate.
Whatever's empty is accurst:
And this doth shew that we must some estate
Possess, or never can communicate.

A sponge drinks in the water, which
Is afterwards *expressed*.
A liberal hand must first be rich:
Who blesseth must be blest.
The thirsty earth drinks in the rain,
The trees suck moisture at their roots,
Before the one can lavish herbs again,
Before the other can afford us fruits.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

No tenant can raise corn or pay his rent,
Nor can even have a Lord,
That has no land. No spring can vent,
No vessel any wine afford
Wherein no liquor's put. No empty purse
Can pounds or talents of itself disburse.

Flame that ejects its golden beams,
Sups up the grosser air;
To seas, that pour out their streams
In springs, those streams repair;
Receiv'd ideas make even dreams.
No fancy painteth foul or fair
But by the ministry of inward light,
That in the spirit cherisheth its sight.
The Moon returneth light, and some men say
The very Sun no ray
Nor influence could have, did it
No foreign aids, no food admit.
The Earth no exhalations would afford,
Were not its spirits by the Sun restored.

All things do first receive, that give:
Only 'tis God above,
That from and in Himself doth live;
Whose all-sufficient love
Without original can flow
And all the joys and glories shew
Which mortal man can take delight to know.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

He is the primitive eternal spring
The endless ocean of each glorious thing.
The Soul a vessel is,
A spacious bosom to contain
All the fair treasures of His bliss,
Which run like Rivers from, into the main,
And all it doth receive returns again.

DESIRE

For giving me desire,
An eager thirst, a burning ardent fire,
A virgin infant flame,
A Love with which into the world I came,
An inward hidden Heavenly love,
Which in my soul did work and move,
And ever me inflame
With restless longing, Heavenly avarice,
That never could be satisfied,
That did incessantly a Paradise
Unknown suggest, and something undescried
Discern, and bear me to it; be
Thy Name for ever praised by me.

My parched and withered bones
Burnt up did seem: My Soul was full of groans:
My thoughts extensions were:
Like paces, reaches, steps they did appear:

THOMAS TRAHERNE

They somewhat hotly did pursue,
Knew that they had not all their due,
Nor ever quiet were:
But made my thirst with hungry, thirsty ground,
My heart a deep profound abyss,
And every joy and pleasure but a wound,
So long as I my Blessedness did miss.
O Happiness! A famine burns,
And all my life to anguish turns!

Where are the silent streams,
The living waters and the glorious beams,
The sweet reviving bowers,
The shady groves, the sweet and curious flow-
ers,
The spring and trees, the Heavenly days,
The flow'ry meads, and glorious rays,
The gold and silver towers?
Alas! all these are poor and empty things!
Trees, waters, days and shining beams,
Fruits, flowers, bowers, shady groves and springs,
No joy will yield, no more than silent streams;
Those are but dead material toys,
And cannot make my Heavenly joys.

O Love! Ye Amities,
And friendships that appear above the skies!

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Ye feasts and living pleasures!
Ye senses, honours and imperial treasures!
Ye bridal joys! ye high delights
That satisfy all appetites!
Ye sweet affections, and
Ye high respects! Whatever joys there be
In triumphs, whatsoever stand
In amicable sweet society,
Whatever pleasures are at His right hand,
Ye must before I am Divine,
In full propriety be mine.

This soaring, sacred thirst,
Ambassador of bliss, approached first,
Making a place in me
That made me apt to prize, and taste, and
see.
For not the objects, but the sense
Of things doth bliss to Souls dispense,
And make it, Lord, like Thee.
Sense, feeling, taste, complacency, and sight,
These are the true and real joys,
The living, flowing inward, melting, bright,
And Heavenly pleasures; all the rest are toys:
All which are founded in Desire,
As light in flame and heat in fire.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

GOODNESS

The bliss of other men is my delight,
 (When once my principles are right:)
 And every Soul which mine doth see
 A treasury.
The face of God is goodness unto all,
And while He thousands to His throne doth call,
 While millions bathe in pleasures,
 And do behold His treasures,
 The joys of all
 On mine do fall,
And even my infinity doth seem
A drop without them of a mean esteem.

The light which on ten thousand faces shines,
 The beams which crown ten thousand vines
 With Glory, and Delight, appear
 As if they were
Reflected only from them all for me,
That I a greater beauty there might see.
 Thus Stars do beautify
 The azure canopy:
 Gilded with rays
 Ten thousand ways
They serve me, while the Sun that on them shines
Adorns those stars and crowns those bleeding vines.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Where Goodness is within, the Soul doth reign.

Goodness the only Sovereign!

Goodness delights alone to see

Felicity.

And while the Image of His goodness lives

In me, whatever He to any gives

Is my delight and ends

In me, in all my friends:

For goodness is

The spring of bliss,

And 'tis the end of all it gives away

And all it gives it ever doth enjoy.

His Goodness! Lord, it is His highest Glory!

The very Grace of all His story!

What other thing can me delight

But the blest sight

Of His Eternal Goodness? While His love,

His burning love the bliss of all doth prove,

While it beyond the ends

Of Heaven and Earth extends,

And multitudes

Above the skies,

His Glory, Love and Goodness in my sight

Is for my pleasure made more infinite.

The soft and swelling grapes that on their
vines

Receive the lively warmth that shines

JOHN NORRIS

Upon them, ripen there for me:
Or drink they be,
Or meat. The stars salute my pleaséd sense
With a derived and borrowed influence:
But better vines do grow,
Far better wines do flow
Above, and while
The Sun doth smile
Upon the Lilies there, and all things warm;
Their pleasant odours do my spirit charm.

Their rich affections me like precious seas
Of nectar and ambrosia please.
Their eyes are stars, or more Divine
And brighter shine:
Their lips are soft and swelling grapes, their tongues
A Quire of blessed and harmonious songs.
Their bosoms fraught with love
Are Heavens all Heavens above;
And being Images of God they are
The highest joys His Goodness did prepare.

JOHN NORRIS

THE ASPIRATION

How long, great God, how long must I
Immur'd in this dark prison lie?
Where at the grates and avenues of sense,
My soul must watch to have intelligence.

JOHN NORRIS

Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my
sight,
Like doubtful moon-shine in a cloudy night.
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! And yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does decline;
But yet,—so strong the sympathy,—
It turns and points again to Thee.

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Would'st Thou, great Love, this prisoner once set
free,
How would she hasten to be link'd with Thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

THE SOUL WHEREIN GOD DWELLS

The soul wherein God dwells,—
What church could holier be?—
Becomes a walking-tent
Of heavenly majesty.

How far from here to Heaven?
Not very far, my friend,
A single, hearty step
Will all the journey end.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

Hold thou! where runnest thou?
Know heaven is in thee—
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'lt never see.

JOHN BYROM

O, would thy heart but be
A manger for His birth;
God would once more become
A child upon the earth.

Go out, God will go in,
Die thou—and let Him live.
Be not—and He will be.
Wait and He'll all things give.

O, shame, a silk-worm works
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-clod lie?

JOHN BYROM

MY SPIRIT LONGETH FOR THEE

My spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled Breast,
Altho' I be unworthy
Of so Divine a Guest.

Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy tho' I be,
Yet has my Heart no Rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

WILLIAM BLAKE

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No Rest is to be found.

No Rest is to be found,
But in Thy Blessed Love;
O let my Wish be crown'd,
And send It from above!

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE GATES OF PARADISE

Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice,
Such are the Gates of Paradise,
Against the Accuser's chief desire,
Who walked among the Stones of Fire.
Jehovah's Finger Wrote The Law:
Then Wept, then rose in Zeal and Awe,
And the Dead Corpse, from Sinai's heat,
Buried beneath His Mercy Seat.

O, Christians! Christians! tell me Why
You rear it on your Altars high?

THE KEYS OF THE GATES

The Catterpillar on the Leaf
Reminds thee of thy Mother's Grief.
My Eternal Man set in Repose,
The Female from his darkness rose;

WILLIAM BLAKE

And She found me beneath a Tree
A Mandrake, and in her Veil hid me.
Serpent reasonings us entice
Of Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice.
Doubt Self-Jealous, Watry folly
Struggling thro' Earth's Melancholy,
Naked in Air, in Shame and Fear,
Blind in Fire, with shield and spear,
Two horrid reasoning cloven fictions,
In Doubt which is Self contradiction,
A dark Hermaphrodite I stood,—
Rational Truth, Root of Evil and Good.
Round me, flew the Flaming Sword;
Round her, snowy whirlwinds roar'd,
Freezing her Veil, the Mundane Shell.
I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell:
When weary Man enters his Cave
He meets his Saviour in the Grave.
Some find a Female Garment there,
And some a Male, woven with care;
Lest the Sexual Garments sweet
Should grow a devouring Winding-sheet.
One dies! alas! the Living and Dead!
One is slain! and One is fled!
In Vain-glory hatcht and nurst,
By double Spectres, Self-Accurst.
My Son! my Son! thou treatest me
But as I have instructed thee.

WILLIAM BLAKE

On the shadows of the Moon,
Climbing through Night's highest noon:
In Time's Ocean falling drown'd:
In Agéd Ignorance profound,
Holy and cold, I clipped the Wings
Of all Sublunary Things,
And in depths of my Dungeons
Closed the Father and the Sons.
But when once I did descry
The Immortal Man that cannot Die,
Through evening shades I haste away
To close the Labours of my Day.
The Door of Death I open found
And the Worm Weaving in the Ground:
Thou'rt my Mother, from the Womb;
Wife, Sister, Daughter, to the Tomb:
Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strife,
And weeping over the Web of Life.

THE GOLDEN STRING

I give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,—
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is calléd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are calléd by His name.
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE TYGER

Tyger! tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE

Tyger! tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

WILLIAM BLAKE

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear;

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

O no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O! He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail human-
ity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
 need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
 may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live

ODE

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no
more.

 The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
Look around her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he
lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy Soul's immensity:

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;

To whom the grave
Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light,
A place of thought where we in waiting lie;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never:

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight

JOHN KEBLE

To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

JOHN KEBLE

THE SAVIOUR'S DARLING

"Father to me Thou art and Mother dear,
And Brother too, kind Husband of my heart."
So speaks Andromache in boding fear,
Ere from her last embrace her hero part—
So evermore, by Faith's undying glow,
We own the Crucified in weal or woe.

Strange to our ears the church-bells of our home;
The fragrance of our old paternal fields
May be forgotten; and the time may come
When the babe's kiss no sense of pleasure yields

JOHN KEBLE

E'en to the doting mother; but Thine own
Thou never canst forget, nor leave alone.

There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best—O vain and selfish
sigh!

Out of the bosom of His love He spares—
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die:
For thee He died—for thee He lives again:
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel liv'd in Heaven or earth:
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth:
They shine and shine with unexhausted store—
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine end,
Even in His hour of agony He thought,
When, ere the final pang His soul should rend,
The ransom'd spirits one by one were brought
To His mind's eye—two silent nights and days
In calmness for His far-seen hour He stays.

Ye vaulted cells, where martyr'd seers of old
Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep,
Green terraces and arch'd fountains cold,
Where lies the cypress shade so still and deep,

JOHN KEBLE

Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings high and
low:

One heart-ennobling hour! It may not be:
Th' earthly thoughts have pass'd from earth
away,
And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground: yet dear
Is every stone of hers; for Thou wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling—touch'd Thy prostrate
brow:
One Angel knows it. O might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! sure each holy vow
Less quickly from th' unstable soul would fade,
Offer'd where Christ in agony was laid.

Might tear of ours once mingle with the blood
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had fram'd within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly dreams;
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams
From thy dear name, where in His page of woe
It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen Him
die.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

DEATH

Death is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death—and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear, . . .

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish,
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

EPILOGUE TO PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

This is the day, which down the void abyss
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's des-
potism,

And Conquest is dragged captive through the
deep:

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour

Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;

And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his
length;

These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image: Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE SPHINX

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled;
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
"Who'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept?—
I awaited the seer,
While they slumbered and slept:—

"The fate of the man-child
The meaning of man;
Known fruit of the unknown;
Daedalian plan;

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?

"Erect as a sunbeam,
Upspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses,
Undaunted and calm;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings:
Kind leaves of his covert
Your silence he sings.

"The waves, unashamed,
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet;
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,—
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still;

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Night veileth the morning,
The vapour, the hill.

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted—
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes;
And the sun of the world
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.

"Out spoke the great mother,
Beholding his fear;—
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere:—
'Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned my child's head?'"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

I heard a poet answer,
Aloud and cheerfully,
"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"To vision profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orbit
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Lurks the joy that is sweetest
In stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving away;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits.
Thy sight is growing blear:
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphinx—
Her muddy eyes to clear!"—
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,—
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

"Thou art the unanswered question;
Couldst see thy proper eye;
Always it asketh, asketh;
And each answer is a lie.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply:
Ask on, thou clothed eternity;
Time is the false reply."

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head.

Through a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame:
"Who telleth one of my meanings,
Is master of all I am."

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them
all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man that thou mayst meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain:

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more: they only miss
The winning of that final bliss—

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

NOT THOU, FROM US!

Not Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh! teach us that we do not say,
"Where is *Thy* brightness fled?"

FREDERICK TENNYSON

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame;
For Thou remainest still the same,
But earth's own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

THE GLORY OF NATURE

If only once the chariot of the Morn
Had scattered from its wheels the twilight dun,
But once the unimaginable Sun
Flashed godlike through perennial clouds forlorn,
And shown us Beauty for a moment born:

If only once blind eyes had seen the Spring
Waking amid the triumphs of mid-noon;
But once had seen the lovely Summer boon
Pass by in state like a full-robed king,
The waters dance, the woodlands laugh and sing:

If only once deaf ears had heard the joy
Of the wild birds, or morning breezes blowing,
Or silver fountains from their caverns flowing,
Or the deep-voiced rivers rolling by;
Then night eternal fallen from the sky:

FREDERICK TENNYSON

If only once weird Time had rent asunder
The curtain of the clouds, and shown us
Night
Climbing into the awful Infinite
Those stairs whose steps are worlds, above and
under,
Glory on glory, wonder upon wonder!

If Lightnings lit the Earthquake on his way
But once, or thunder spake unto the world;
The realm-wide banners of the Wind unfurled;
Earth-prisoned fires broke loose into the day;
Or the great seas awoke—then slept for aye!

Ah! sure the heart of Man, too strongly tried
By Godlike Presences so vast and fair,
Withering with dread, or sick with love's
despair,
Had wept for ever, and to heaven cried.
Or, struck with lightnings of delight had died!

But he, though heir of Immortality,
With mortal dust too feeble for the sight,
Draws through a veil God's overwhelming light:
Use arms the soul—anon there moveth by
A more majestic Angel—and we die!

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON

WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an
endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the
wrong—

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of
glory she;

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue
be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of
the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of
the just.

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a sum-
mer sky;

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

BROKEN LIGHTS

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,

Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,

Believing where we cannot prove;

ALFRED TENNYSON

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

ALFRED TENNYSON

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

LAST LINES

When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my head,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,

ALFRED TENNYSON

Toward the lowland ways behind me
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me
On, and always on!

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE WAITING

I wait and watch: before my eyes
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears arise
Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet.
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
And yet not mine if understood:
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done!

INVOCATION

Through Thy clear spaces, Lord, of old,
Formless and void the dead earth rolled;
Deaf to Thy heaven's sweet music, blind
To the great lights which o'er it shined;
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath,—
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—
A breath of life electrical,
Awakening and transforming all,
Till beat and thrilled in every part
The pulses of a living heart.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Then knew their bounds the land and sea;
Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree;
From flower to moth, from beast to man,
The quick creative impulse ran;
And earth, with life from Thee renewed,
Was in Thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold
And formless as the earth of old,—
A wandering waste of storm and night,
Midst spheres of song and realms of light,—
A blot upon Thy holy sky,
Untouched, unwarned of Thee, am I.

O Thou who movest on the deep
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep!
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,
The lost restore, the ill transform,
That flower and fruit henceforth may be
Its grateful offering, worthy Thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl!
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

CONSOLATION

All are not taken; there are left behind
Living Belovéd, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind:
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined,
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth,)
Crying "Where are you, O my loved and loving?"
I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN and not for earth?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE SLEEP

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

—*Psalm cxviii*: 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?

The hero's heart to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,

A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole world blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved sleep.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delv'd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder when they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

ROBERT BROWNING

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would, childlike, on His love repose,
Who giveth His belovéd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His belovéd sleep."

ROBERT BROWNING

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the Foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,

ROBERT BROWNING

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and
forbore,
And bade me creep past,
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again
And with God be the rest.

EPILOGUE

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think,
imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you
loved so,
—Pity me?

ROBERT BROWNING

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!

What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell

—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare
ever

There as here!"

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith "A whole I planned.

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be
afraid!"

ROBERT BROWNING

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, tran-
scends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the
maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must
believe.

ROBERT BROWNING

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to
live and learn"?

ROBERT BROWNING

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou
shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute—gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the
germ.

ROBERT BROWNING

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the
Past."

ROBERT BROWNING

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's
true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found
made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor
be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine
own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel
alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!

ROBERT BROWNING

Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace
at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul
believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the
price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount:

ROBERT BROWNING

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and es-
caped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets; all is change; the Past gone,
seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,

ROBERT BROWNING

This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-
pressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st
thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy
,thirst:

AUBREY DE VERE

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the
aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete
the same!

AUBREY DE VERE

MAY CAROLS

I

Who feels not, when the Spring once more
Stepping o'er Winter's grave forlorn
With wingéd feet, retreads the shore
Of widowed earth, his bosom burn?

As ordered flower succeeds to flower,
And May the ladder of her sweets
Ascends, advancing hour by hour
From scale to scale, what heart but beats?

Some Presence veiled, in fields and groves,
That mingles rapture with remorse;
Some buried joy beside us moves,
And thrills the soul with such discourse

AUBREY DE VERE

As they, perchance, that wondering pair
Who to Emmaus bent their way,
Hearing, heard not. Like them our prayer
We make—"The night is near us—Stay!"

With Paschal chants the churches ring:
Their echoes strike along the tombs;
The birds their hallelujahs sing;
Each flower with floral incense fumes.

Our long-lost Eden seems restored;
As on we move with tearful eyes
We feel through all the illumined sward
Some upward-working Paradise.

II

Three worlds there are:—the first of Sense—
That sensuous earth which round us lies;
The next of Faith's Intelligence:
The third of Glory in the skies.

The first is palpable, but base:
The second heavenly, but obscure;
The third is starlike in the face—
But ah! remote that world as pure!

Yet, glancing through our misty clime.
Some sparkles from that loftier sphere

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

Make way to earth; then most what time
The annual spring flowers reappear.

Amid the coarser needs of earth
All shapes of brightness, what are they
But wanderers, exiled from their birth,
Or pledges of a happier day?

Yea, what is Beauty, judged aright,
But some surpassing, transient gleam;
Some smile from heaven, in waves of light,
Rippling o'er life's distempered dream?

Or broken memories of that bliss
Which rushed through first-born Nature's blood
When He who ever was, and is,
Looked down and saw that all was good?

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

REST

The day is over,
The feverish, careful day:
Can I recover
Strength that has ebbd away?
Can ever sleep such freshness give,
That I again should wish to live?

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

Let me lie down,
No more I seek to have
A heavenly crown,
Give me a quiet grave;
Release, and not reward, I ask,—
Too hard for me life's heavy task.

Now let me rest,
Hushed be my striving brain,
My beating breast;
Let me put off my pain,
And feel me sinking, sinking deep
Into an abyss of sleep.

The morrow's noise,
Its aguish hope and fear,
Its empty joys,
Of these I shall not hear;
Call me no more, I cannot come;
I'm gone to be at rest, at home.

Earth undesired,
And not for heaven meet;
For one so tired
What's left but slumber sweet,
Beneath a grassy mound of trees,
Or at the bottom of the seas?

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

Yet let me have,
Once in a thousand years,
Thoughts in my grave,
To know how free from fears
I sleep, and that I there shall lie
Through undisturbed eternity.

And when I wake,
Then let me hear above
The birds that make
Songs not of human love:
Or muffled tones my ear may reach,
Of storms that sound from beach to beach.

But hark! what word
Breathes through this twilight dim?
"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him;
Return, O soul, and thou shalt have
A better rest than in thy grave."

My God, I come;
But I was sorely shaken:
Art Thou my home?
I thought I was forsaken:
I know Thou art a sweeter rest
Than earth's soft side or ocean's breast.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

Yet this my cry!—

“I ask no more for heaven,

Now let me die,

For I have vainly striven.”

I had, but for that word from Thee,

Renounced my immortality.

Now I return;

Return, O Lord, to me;

I cannot earn

That heaven I'll ask of Thee;

But with Thy Peace amid the strife,

I still can live in hope of Life.

The careful day,

The feverish day is over;

Strength ebbd away,

I lie down to recover;

With sleep from Him, I shall be blest,

Whose word has brought my sorrows rest.

MODULATIONS

My God, I love the world,

I love it well—

Its wonder, and fairness, and delight—

More than my tongue can tell;

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

And ever in my heart, like morning clouds
New earth-loves rise and swell.

Lilies I love, and stars,
Dewdrops, and the great sea;
Colour, and form, and sound,
Combining variously;
The rush of the wind, and the overhanging
vast—
Voiceless immensity.

Thou world-creator art,
World-lover too;
In delight didst found the deep,
In delight uprear the blue;
And with an infinite love and carefulness
The wide earth furnish through.

My God, I am afraid of Thee, I am afraid—
Thou art so silent, and so terrible;
And oft I muse upon Thee in the deep night dead,
Listening as for a voice that shall my spirit
tell,
To be of comfort and of courage, for that all
is well.

Of thoughts uncounted as the stars,
Which burn undimm'd from old eternity,
Oh, everlasting God!
Thy Spirit is a sky—

WALT WHITMAN

A brighten'd dark, enrounding every world
 With stillness of serenest majesty:
Fit several forms of the same splendour
Thou to beholding worlds dost render,
In starry wonder of a thousand skies,
Beheld by creature-eyes:
Who in the glorious part have symbol bright
Of the uncomprehended Infinite.

But if as the great dark art Thou, unknown,
 Thou, God reveal'd, art as the sweet noon blue;
Soft canopying mercy in the Christ is shown,
 And the azure of His love Thy face beams
 through,
Looking forth, like the sun, to comfort and to bless,
And with beauty overlighting the rough wilderness.

WALT WHITMAN
DEATH CAROL

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, ar-
riving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

WALT WHITMAN

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
curious;
And for love, sweet love—But praise! praise!
praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
Death.

Dark Mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest wel-
come?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above
all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unflinchingly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joy-
ously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adorn-
ments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-
spread sky, are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thought-
ful night.

WALT WHITMAN

The night, in silence, under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave,
 whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-
 veil'd Death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myr-
 iad fields, and the prairies wide;
Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming
 wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O
 Death!

GODS

Thought of the Infinite—the All!
Be thou my God.

Lover Divine, and Perfect Comrade!
Waiting, content, invisible yet, but certain,
Be thou my God.

Thou—thou, the Ideal Man!
Fair, able, beautiful, content, and loving,
Complete in Body, and dilate in Spirit,
Be thou my God.

WALT WHITMAN

O Death—(for Life has served its turn;)
Opener and usher to the heavenly mansion!
Be thou my God.

Aught, aught, of mightiest, best, I see, conceive,
or know,
(To break the stagnant tie—thee, thee to free, O
Soul,)
Be thou my God.

Or thee, Old Cause, whene'er advancing;
All great Ideas, the races' aspirations,
All that exalts, releases thee, my Soul!
All heroisms, deeds of rapt enthusiasts,
Be ye my Gods!

Or Time and Space!
Or shape of Earth, divine and wondrous!
Or shape in I myself—or some fair shape, I, view-
ing, worship,
Or lustrous orb of Sun, or star by night:
Be ye my Gods.

CHANTING THE SQUARE DEIFIC

Chanting the square deific, out of the One ad-
vancing, out of the sides;
Out of the old and new—out of the square entirely
divine,

WALT WHITMAN

Solid, four-sided, (all the sides needed) . . . from
this side ЯВОВАН am I,
Old Brahm I, and I Saturnius am;
Not Time affects me—I am Time, old, modern
as any;
Unpersuadable, relentless, executing righteous
judgments;
As the Earth, the Father, the brown old Kronos,
with laws,
Aged beyond computation—yet ever new—ever
with those mighty laws rolling,
Relentless, I forgive no man—whoever sins, dies
—I will have that man's life;
Therefore, let none expect mercy—Have the sea-
sons, gravitation, the appointed days, mercy?
—No more have I;
But as the seasons, and gravitation—and as all
the appointed days, that forgive not,
I dispense from this side judgments inexorable,
without the least remorse.

Consolator most mild, the promis'd one ad-
vancing,
With gentle hands extended—the mightier God
am I,
Foretold by prophets and poets, in their most
rapt prophecies and poems;
From this side, lo! the Lord Christ gazes—lo!
Hermes I—lo! mine is Hercules' face;

WALT WHITMAN

All sorrow, labour, suffering, I, tallying it, absorb
in myself;

Many times have I been rejected, taunted, put in
prison, and crucified—and many times shall
be again;

All the world have I given up for my dear brothers'
and sisters' sake—for the soul's sake;

Wending my way through the homes of men,
rich or poor, with the kiss of affection;

For I am affection—I am the cheer-bringing
God, with hope, and all-enclosing Charity;

(Conqueror yet—for before me all the armies
and soldiers of the earth shall yet bow—and
all the weapons of war become impotent:)

With indulgent words, as to children—with fresh
and sane words, mine only;

Young and strong I pass, knowing well I am
destin'd myself to an early death:

But my Charity has no death—my Wisdom dies
not, neither early nor late,

And my sweet Love, bequeath'd here and else-
where, never dies.

Aloof, dissatisfied, plotting revolt,
Comrade of criminals, brother of slaves,
Crafty, despised, a drudge, ignorant,
With sudra face and worn brow, black, but in the
depths of my heart, proud as any;

WALT WHITMAN

Lifted, now and always, against whoever, scorn-
ing, assumes to rule me;
Morose, full of guile, full of reminiscences, brood-
ing, with many wiles,
(Though it was thought I was baffled and dispell'd,
and my wiles done—but that will never be;)
Defiant, I, SATAN, still live—still utter words—in
new lands duly appearing, (and old ones also;)
Permanent here, from my side, warlike, equal
with any, real as any,
Nor time, nor change, shall ever change me or my
words.

Santa SPIRITA, breather, life,
Beyond the light, lighter than light,
Beyond the flames of hell—joyous, leaping easily
above hell;
Beyond Paradise—perfumed solely with mine own
perfume;
Including all life on earth—touching, including
God—including Saviour and Satan;
Ethereal, pervading all, (for without me, what
were all? what were God?)
Essence of forms—life of the real identities, per-
manent, positive, (namely the unseen,)
Life of the great round world, the sun and stars,
and of man—I, the general Soul,
Here the square finishing, the solid, I the most solid,
Breathe my breath also through these songs.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

HELP

When the enemy is near thee,
 Call on us!
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee and shall fear thee.
 Call on us!

Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee,
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
When the brain is sick with thinking,
 Help, O help!

When the panic comes upon thee,
When necessity seems on thee,
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee,
 Call on us!

O, and if thou dost not call,
Be but faithful, that is all!
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still, and find thee,
 Help, sure help!

GEORGE ELIOT

SURETY

Though to the vilest things beneath the moon
For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,
And for the moment's sympathy let part
My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,
My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon,
Almost, as gained; and though aside I start,
Belie Thee daily, hourly,—still Thou art,
Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon;
How much so e'er I sin, whate'er I do
Of evil, still the sky above is blue,
The stars look down in beauty as before:
It is enough to walk as best we may,
To walk, and, sighing, dream of that blest day
When ill we cannot quell shall be no more.

GEORGE ELIOT

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—Cicero, *Ad Att.*, xii: 18.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,

GEORGE ELIOT

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky

EMILY BRONTË

Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

 This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

EMILY BRONTË

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

EMILY BRONTË

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—THOU are Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË

THE PRISONER

Still, let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to
wear

Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair;
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with western winds, with evening's
wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the
thickest stars.

Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with
desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future
tears.

When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thun-
der-storm.

But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm de-
scends;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience
ends;

EMILY BRONTË

Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony,
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals,
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels:
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops and dares the final bound.

Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see;
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again;
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less;
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless;
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,
If it but herald death, the vision is divine!

DORA GREENWELL

DORA GREENWELL

THE SEARCH

Calo tegitur qui non habet urnam.

In Spring the green leaves shoot,
In Spring the blossoms fall,
With Summer falls the fruit,
The leaves in Autumn fall,
Contented from the bough
They drop, leaves, blossoms now,
And ripen'd fruit; the warm earth takes them all.

Thus all things ask for rest,
A home above, a home beneath the sod;
The sun will seek the west,
The bird will seek its nest,
The heart another breast
Whereon to lean, the spirit seeks its God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

EAST LONDON

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"—
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living*
bread."

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy
home.

THE BETTER PART

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No Judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;

"We live no more when we have done our span."
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who
can care?

From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes, our life without a plan!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD

So answerest thou, but why not rather say—
"Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high!
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?
More strictly then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man, like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as He!"

STAGIRIUS

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
 Save, oh! save.
From the world's temptations,
 From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
 Save, oh! save.

When the soul, growing clearer,
 Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
 To God comes no nigher;

MATTHEW ARNOLD

But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh! save.

From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars Thy creature;
From grief that is but passion,
From mirth that is but feigning,
From tears that bring no healing,
From wild and weak complaining,
Thine old strength revealing,
Save oh! save.
From doubt, where all is double;
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea—

Oh! set us free.

O let the false dream fly

Where our sick souls do lie

Tossing continually!

O where thy voice doth come

Let all doubts be dumb,

Let all words be mild,

All strifes be reconciled,

All pains beguiled!

Light bring no blindness,

Love no unkindness,

Knowledge no ruin,

Fear no undoing!

From the cradle to the grave,

Save, oh! save.

IMMORTALITY

Foil'd by our fellowmen, depress'd, outworn,

We leave the brutal world to take its way,

And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,

The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn

The world's poor, routed leavings? or will they,

Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,

Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

COVENTRY PATMORE

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

COVENTRY PATMORE

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach

COVENTRY PATMORE

And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good;
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Ah, God, alas,
How soon it came to pass
The sweetness melted from thy barbed hook
Which I so simply took;
And I lay bleeding on the bitter land,
Afraid to stir against thy least command,
But losing all my pleasant life-blood, whence
Force should have been heart's frailty to withstand.

COVENTRY PATMORE

Life is not life at all without delight,
Nor has it any might;
And better than the insentient heart and brain
Is sharpest pain;
And better for the moment seems it to rebel,
If the great Master, from his lifted seat,
Ne'er whispers to the wearied servant "Well!"
Yet what returns of love did I endure,
When to be pardon'd seem'd almost more sweet
Than aye to have been pure!
But day still faded to disastrous night,
And thicker darkness changed to feebler light,
Until forgiveness, without stint renew'd,
Was now no more with loving tears imbued,
Vowing no more offence.
Not less to thine Unfaithful didst thou cry,
"Come back, poor Child; be all as 'twas before."
But I,
"No, no; I will not promise any more!
Yet, when I feel my hour is come to die,
And so I am secured of continence,
Then may I say, though haply then in vain,
'My only, only Love, O, take me back again.'"
Thereafter didst thou smite
So hard that, for a space,
Uplifted seem'd Heav'n's everlasting door,
And I indeed the darling of thy grace.
But, in some dozen changes of the moon,
A bitter mockery seem'd thy bitter boon.

COVENTRY PATMORE

The broken pinion was no longer sore.
Again, indeed, I woke
Under so dread a stroke
That all the strength it left within my heart
Was just to ache and turn, and then to turn and
ache,
And some weak sign of war unceasingly to make.
And here I lie,
With no one near to mark,
Thrusting Hell's phantoms feebly in the dark,
And still at point more utterly to die.
O God, how long!
Put forth indeed Thy powerful right hand,
While time is yet,
Or never shall I see the blissful land!
Thus I: then God, in pleasant speech and strong,
(Which soon I shall forget):
"The man who, though his fights be all defeats,
Still fights,
Enters at last
The heavenly Jerusalem's rejoicing streets
With glory more, and more triumphant rites
Than always-conquering Joshua's, when his blast
The frighted walls of Jericho down cast;
And, lo, the glad surprise
Of peace beyond surmise,
More than in common Saints, for ever in his eyes."

GEORGE MACDONALD

VESICA PISCIS

In strenuous hope I wrought,
And hope seem'd still betray'd;
Lastly I said,
"I have labour'd through the Night, nor yet
Have taken aught;
But at Thy word I will again cast forth the net!"
And, lo, I caught
(Oh, quite unlike and quite beyond my thought),
Not the quick, shining harvest of the Sea,
For food, my wish,
But Thee!
Then, hiding even in me,
As hid was Simon's coin within the fish,
Thou sigh'd'st, with joy, "Be dumb,
Or speak but of forgotten things to far-off times
to come."

GEORGE MACDONALD

REST

Who dwelleth in that secret place,
Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
Never with anger hot:

GEORGE MACDONALD

For if an evil host should dare
His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart, and there
He enters in to rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods, below
Lie darkling ocean caves:
The wind of words may toss my heart,
But what is that to me!
'Tis but a surface storm—Thou art
My deep, still, resting sea.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Babe Jesus lay in Mary's lap;
The sun shone on His hair;
And this is how she saw, mayhap,
The crown already there.

For she sang: "Sleep on, my little King,
Bad Herod dares not come;
Before Thee sleeping, holy thing,
The wild winds would be dumb.

GEORGE MACDONALD

"I kiss Thy hands, I kiss Thy feet,
My child so long desired;
Thy hands shall never be soiled, my sweet;
Thy feet shall never be tired.

"For Thou art the King of Men, my son;
Thy crown I see it plain;
And men shall worship Thee, every one,
And cry, Glory! Amen!"

Babe Jesus opened His eyes so wide!
At Mary looked her Lord.
And Mary stinted her song and sighed.
Babe Jesus said never a word.

THAT HOLY THING

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high;
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

GEORGE MEREDITH

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thine own secret stair,
That Thou mayst answer all my need—
Yea, every bygone prayer.

GEORGE MEREDITH
MEN AND MAN

Men the Angels eyed;
And here they were wild waves,
And there as marsh descried.
Men the Angels eyed,
And liked the picture best
Where they were greenly dressed
In brotherhood of graves.

Man the Angels marked:
He led a host through murk,
On fearful seas embarked,
Man the Angels marked;
To think without a nay,
That he was good as they,
And help him at his work.

Man and Angels, ye
A sluggish fen shall drain,

GEORGE MEREDITH

Shall quell a warring sea.
Man and Angels, ye,
Whom stain of strife befouls,
A light to kindle souls
Bear radiant in the stain.

SENSE AND SPIRIT

The senses loving Earth or well or ill,
Ravel yet more the riddle of our lot.
The mind is in their trammels, and lights not
By trimming fear-bred tales; nor does the
will
To find in nature things which less may chill
An ardour that desires, unknowing what.
Till we conceive her living we go distraught,
At best but circle-windsails of a mill.
Seeing she lives, and of her joy of life
Creatively has given us blood and breath
For endless war and never wound unhealed,
The gloomy Wherefore of our battle-field
Solves in the Spirit, wrought of her through
strife
To read her own and trust her down to death.

GEORGE MEREDITH

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his Western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his
scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and
sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

A BALLAD OF PAST MERIDIAN

Last night returning from my twilight walk
I met the grey mist Death, whose eyeless brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of chalk
He reached me flowers as from a withered bough:
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest thou!

GEORGE MEREDITH

Death said, I gather, and pursued his way.
Another stood by me, a shape in stone,
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with breasts of clay,
And metal veins that sometimes fiery shone:
O Life, how naked and how hard when known!

Life said, As thou hast carved me, such am I.
Then memory, like the nightjar on the pine,
And sightless hope, a woodlark in night sky,
Joined notes of Death and Life till night's decline:
Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes are mine.

THE QUESTION WHITHER

When we have thrown off this old suit,
So much in need of mending,
To sink among the naked mute,
Is that, think you, our ending?
We follow many, more we lead,
And you who sadly turf us,
Believe not that all living seed
Must flower above the surface.

Sensation is a gracious gift,
But were it cramped to station,
The prayer to have it cast adrift,
Would spout from all sensation.

GEORGE MEREDITH

Enough if we have winked to sun,
Have sped the plough a season;
There is a soul for labour done.
Endureth fixed as reason.

Then let our trust be firm in Good,
Though we be of the fasting;
Our questions are a mortal brood,
Our work is everlasting.
We children of Beneficence,
Are in its being sharers,
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,
For word with such wayfarers.

OUTER AND INNER

From twig to twig the spider weaves
At noon his webbing fine.
So near to mute the zephyrs flute
That only leaflets dance.
The sun draws out of hazel leaves
A smell of woodland wine.
I wake a swarm to sudden storm
At any step's advance.

Along my path is bugloss blue,
The star with fruit in moss;

GEORGE MEREDITH

The foxgloves drop from throat to top
A daily lesser bell.
The blackest shadow, nurse of dew,
Has orange skeins across;
And keenly red is one thin thread
That flashing seems to swell.

My world I note ere fancy comes,
Minutest hushed observe:
What busy bits of motioned wits
Through antlered mosswork strive.
But now so low the stillness hums,
My springs of seeing swerve,
For half a wink to thrill and think
The woods with nymphs alive.

I neighbour the invisible
So close that my consent
Is only asked for spirits masked
To leap from trees and flowers.
And this because with them I dwell
In thought, while calmly bent
To read the lines dear Earth designs
Shall speak her life on ours.

Accept, she says; it is not hard
In woods; but she in towns
Repeats, accept; and have we wept,
And have we quailed with fears,

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
We have whom knowledge crowns;
Who see in mould the rose unfold,
The soul through blood and tears.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

WORLD'S WORTH

'Tis of the Father Hilary.
He strove, but could not pray; so took
The steep-coiled stair, where his feet shook
A sad blind echo. Ever up
He toiled. 'Twas a sick sway of air
That autumn noon within the stair,
As dizzy as a turning cup.
His brain benumbed him, void and thin;
He shut his eyes and felt it spin;
The obscure deafness hemmed him in.
He said: "O world, what world for me?"

He leaned unto the balcony
Where the chime keeps the night and day;
It hurt his brain, he could not pray.
He had his face upon the stone:
Deep 'twixt the narrow shafts, his eye
Passed all the roofs to the stark sky,
Swept with no wing, with wind alone.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Close to his feet the sky did shake
With wind in pools that the rains make:
The ripple set his eyes to ache.
He said: "O world, what world for me?"

He stood within the mystery
Girding God's blessed Eucharist:
The organ and the chaunt had ceas'd.
The last words paused against his ear
Said from the altar: drawn round him
The gathering rest was dumb and dim.
And now the sacring-bell rang clear
And ceased; and all was awe—the breath
Of God in man that warranteth
The inmost utmost things of faith.
He said: "O God, my world in Thee!"

VAIN VIRTUES

What is the sorriest thing that enters Hell?
None of the sins,—but this and that fair deed
Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.
These yet are virgins, whom death's timely knell
Might once have sainted; whom the fiends compel
Together now, in snake-bound shuddering
sheaves
Of anguish, while the pit's pollution leaves
Their refuse maidenhood abominable.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,
Whose names, half entered in the book of Life,
Were God's desire at noon. And as their hair
And eyes sink last, the Torturer deigns no whit
To gaze, but, yearning, waits his destined wife,
The Sin still blithe on earth that sent them
there.

LOST DAYS

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

A SUPERScription

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my
spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of
sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

THE HEART OF THE NIGHT

From child to youth; from youth to arduous man;
From lethargy to fever of the heart;
From faithful life to dream-dowered days apart;
From trust to doubt; from doubt to brink of ban;—
Thus much of change in one swift cycle ran

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Till now. Alas, the soul!—how soon must she
Accept her primal immortality—
The flesh resume its dust whence it began?

O Lord of work and peace! O Lord of life!
O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though late,
Even yet renew this soul with duteous breath:
That when the peace is garnered in from strife,
The work retrieved, the will regenerate,
This soul may see thy face, O Lord of death!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

OLD AND NEW YEAR DITTIES

Passing away, saith the World, passing away:
Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day:
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing
to grey
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play,

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Hearken what the past doth witness and say:
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one certain
day
Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay;
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
Winter passeth after the long delay:
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender
spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch
and pray:
Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day,
My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear
me say.
Then I answered: Yea.

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

THE WORLD

By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair:

But all night as the moon so changeth she;

Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,

And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.

By day she woos me to the outer air,

Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:

But through the night a beast she grins at me,

A very monster void of love and prayer.

By day she stands a lie: by night she stands

In all the naked horror of the truth,

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

With pushing horns and clawed and clutching
hands.

Is this a friend indeed; that I should sell

My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

SLEEPING AT LAST

Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,
Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,
Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of
lover,

Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,
No more pangs that wring or shifting fears that
hover,
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty
blast.

Under the purple thyme and the purple clover
Sleeping at last.

T. E. BROWN

T. E. BROWN

INDWELLING

If thou could'st empty all thy self of self
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the ocean shelf
And say—"This is not dead,"
And fill thee with Himself instead;
But thou art all replete with very *thou*
And hast such shrewd activity,
That when He comes He says: "This is enow
Unto itself; 'twere better let it be,
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

HERTHA

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and Whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them
bodily; I am the soul.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-coloured fruit of my branches, I was,
and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
That save it or damn;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and
bird; before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am
stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the
soul and the body that is.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

I am that thing which blesses
My spirit elate;
That which caresses
With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of
the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now
Looking Godward, to cry
"I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high?"
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find
thou but thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plough-cloven clod
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower,
the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast
thou known of or found?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise,
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen,
and shown on my breast to the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me?
Hath the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night? have
the winds taken counsel with thee?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and
the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only
thy mother alone.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she
stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and
live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith,
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy
thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave
shalt thou give thee to me.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Alway to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the shadows
and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the
shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves:
ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark; that
falls off: they shall die and not live.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

My own blood is what stanches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall
tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Make utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear
the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and
branches are bent with his tread:

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere
one of my blossoms increase.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language
of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins,
drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me
or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of in-
finite lands and of seas.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

In the spring-coloured hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot
out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect with
freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, behold-
ing the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed
him with faith of your vows.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red
with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of
you; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white
with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown grey from his fear;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the
last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon
freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;
Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body,
and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;
Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of
me, man that is I.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

NATURA BENIGNA

The Promise of the Sunrise

What power is this? what witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild,
most sweet—

JOAQUIN MILLER

What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?
Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all its prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

JOAQUIN MILLER

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray;
For lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, Sail on, sail on, and on."

The men grew mutinous by day,
The men grew ghastly pale and weak;
The sad mate thought of home, a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

"Why you shall say, at break of day,
Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

They sailed, they sailed, as winds might blow,
Until, at last, the blanched mate said,
"Why now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
The very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas has gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on, sail on, and on."

They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a flaming sword,—
"Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

A PRAYER

O God, our Father, if we had but truth!
Lost truth—which Thou perchance
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward youth
He waste in song and dance;

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

That he might gain, in searching, mightier powers
For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

If blindly groping, he shall oft mistake,
And follow twinkling motes
Thinking them stars, and the one voice forsake
Of Wisdom for the notes
Which mocking Beauty utters here and there,
Thou surely wilt forgive him, and forbear!

O love us, for we love Thee, Maker—God!
And would creep near Thy hand,
And call Thee, "Father, Father," from the sod
Where by our graves we stand,
And pray to touch, fearless of scorn or blame,
Thy garment's hem, which Truth and Good we
name.

"QUEM METUI MORITURA?"

What need have I to fear—so soon to die?
Let me work on, not watch and wait in dread:
What will it matter, when that I am dead,
That they bore hate or love who near me lie?
'Tis but a lifetime, and the end is nigh
At best or worst. Let me lift up my head
And firmly, as with inner courage, tread
Mine own appointed way, on mandates high.

MINOT J. SAVAGE

Pain could but bring, from all its evil store,
The close of pain: hate's venom could but kill;
Repulse, defeat, desertion, could no more.

Let me have lived my life, not cowered until
The unhindered and unhastened hour was here.
So soon—what is there in the world to fear?

MINOT J. SAVAGE

MY BIRTH

I had my birth where stars were born,
In the dim æons of the past:
My cradle cosmic forces rocked,
And to my first was linked my last.

Through boundless space the shuttle flew,
To weave the warp and woof of fate:
In my begetting were conjoined
The infinitely small and great.

The outmost star on being's rim,
The tiniest sand-grain of the earth,
The farthest thrill and nearest stir
Were not indifferent to my birth.

And when at last the earth swung free,
A little planet by the moon,
For me the continent arose,
For me the ocean roared its tune;

MINOT J. SAVAGE

For me the forests grew; for me
Th' electric force ran to and fro;
For me tribes wandered o'er the earth,
Kingdoms arose, and cities grew;

For me religions waxed and waned;
For me the ages garnered store;
For me ships traversed every sea;
For me the wise ones learned their lore;

For me through fire and blood and tears,
Man struggled onward up the height,
On which, at last, from heaven falls
An ever clearer, broader light.

The child of all the ages, I,
Nursed on th' exhaustless breasts of time;
By heroes thrilled, by sages taught,
Sung to by bards of every clime.

Quintessence of the universe,
Distilled at last from God's own heart,
In me concentered now abides
Of all that is the subtlest part.

The produce of the ages past,
Heir of the future then, am I:
So much am I divine that God
Cannot afford to let me die.

EDWARD DOWDEN

If I should ever cease to be,
The farthest star its mate would miss,
And, looking after me, would fall
Down headlong darkening to th' abyss.

For, if aught real that is could cease,
If the All-Father ever nods,
That day across the heavens would fall
Ragnarök, twilight of the gods.

EDWARD DOWDEN

SEEKING GOD

(The Inner Life)

I said, "I will find God," and forth I went
To seek Him in the clearness of the sky,
But over me stood unendurably
Only a pitiless sapphire firmament
Ringing the world,—blank splendour; yet intent
Still to find God, "I will go seek," said I,
"His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
An ocean marge weed-strewn and foam-besprent;
And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
And very vacant was the long, blue sea;
But in the evening as I sat alone,
My window open to the vanishing day,
Dear God! I could not choose but kneel and pray,
And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

SUNRISE

From above us and from under,
In the ocean and the thunder,
Thou preludest to the wonder
Of the Paradise to be:
For a moment we may guess Thee
From Thy creatures that confess Thee
When the morn and even bless Thee,
And Thy smile is on the sea.

Then from something seen or heard,
Whether forests softly stirred,
Or the speaking of a word,
Or the singing of a bird,
Cares and sorrows cease.
For a moment on the soul
Falls the rest that maketh whole,
Falls the endless peace.

O the hush from earth's annoys!
O the heavens, O the joys
Such as priest and singing-boys
Cannot sing or say!
There is no more pain and crying,
There is no more death and dying,
As for sorrow and for sighing,—
These shall flee away.

GERARD HOPKINS

GERARD HOPKINS

THE DEBT

Thee, God, I come from, to Thee go,
All day long I like fountain flow
From Thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in Thy mighty glow.

What I know of Thee I bless,
As acknowledging Thy stress
On my being, and as seeing
Something of Thy holiness.

Once I turned from Thee and hid,
Bound on what Thou hadst forbid;
Sow the wind I would; I sinned:
I repent of what I did.

Bad I am, but yet Thy child.
Father, be Thou reconciled.
Spare Thou me, since I see
With Thy might that Thou art mild.

I have life left with me still
And Thy purpose to fulfil;
Yes, a debt to pay Thee yet:
Help me, Sir, and so I will.

GERARD HOPKINS

THE HABIT OF PERFECTION

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear,
Pipe me to pastures still, and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shelléd, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light;
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

GERARD HOPKINS

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-coloured clothes provide
Your spouse, not laboured-at, nor spun.

GOD'S GRANDEUR

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck His
rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
All is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with
toil;

And bears man's smudge, and shares man's
smell; the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down
things;

ROBERT BRIDGES

And though the last lights from the black west went,
Oh, morning at the brown brink eastwards
springs—

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast, and with, ah,
bright wings.

ROBERT BRIDGES

FORTITUDE

Weep not to-day; why should this sadness be:
Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhindered conquer thee.

Think on thy past valour, thy future praise;
Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IF THIS WERE FAITH

God, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Not in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death:
God, if this were faith?

Having felt Thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Having seen Thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of Thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands
And stain with blood the sea:
If still in my veins the glee
Of the black night and the sun
And the lost battle, run:
If, an adept,
The iniquitous lists I still accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good:
God, if that were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men
To go on for ever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen with the eyes:
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?

HERBERT E. CLARKE

HERBERT E. CLARKE LIFE AND DEATH

I

Hold not thy life too dear because of death;
Why wilt thou nought but labour all thy days?
Thou winnest, but shalt never wear the bays,
Thou sowest and another gathereth
The fruitage. Live thou then as one who saith:
I wait a summons, and with prayer and praise
And helpful kindness fills the time he stays,
And unregretfully yields up his breath.
Wilt thou pull down thy barns and greater build
Because thy life's land laughs one golden sea,
From East to West, from North to South fulfilled,
With promise of harvest? Nay, for verily
Dreaming thy dreams thou findest, stricken and
chilled,
Thou fool, even now, thy soul required of thee.

II

Because of death hold not thy life too cheap;
Plan for the years—found broad and strong—
aim high:
Nobly to fail is more than victory
Over unworthy foes: mourn not nor weep,
One span of life thou hast 'twixt deep and deep.

ALICE MEYNELL

Be all thy care to fill it gloriously:
Live even as if thou knew'st thou couldst not
die;
This day is short—there will be years for sleep.
Therefore work thou while it is called to-day,
And let the night of the night's things take
care.
By those strong souls who leave our earth more
fair
With their strenuous service unto all for aye.
I charge thee work, and let not Death dismay
Nor the shadow of death, but greatly hope and
dare.

ALICE MEYNELL

MEDITATION

*Rorate Cæli desuper, et nubes pluant fustum.
Aperiatur Terra, et germinet Salvatorem.*

No sudden thing of glory and fear
Was the Lord's coming; but the dear
Slow Nature's days followed each other
To form the Saviour from His Mother
—One of the children of the year.

The earth, the rain, received the trust,
—The sun and dews, to frame the Just.

ALICE MEYNELL

He drew His daily life from these,
According to His own decrees
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

Sweet summer and the winter wild,
These brought Him forth, the Undeified.
The happy Springs renewed again
His daily bread, the growing grain,
The food and raiment of the Child.

"I AM THE WAY"

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The way that goes, my feet that stir.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, time, way, and wayfarer.

"WHY WILT THOU CHIDE?"

Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
 Oh learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
 My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
Thy single sorrow crowns thee lord
Of an unpurchaseable word.

 Oh strong, Oh pure!
As Yea makes happier loves secure,
 I vow thee this
Unique rejection of a kiss.
 I guard for thee
This jealous, sad monopoly.
I seal this honour thine. None dare
Hope for a part in thy despair.

R. D. B.

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

WILLIAM WATSON

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear
shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

WILLIAM WATSON

THE MYSTIC BURDEN

'Tis from those moods in which Life stands
With feet earth-planted, yet with hands
Stretched toward visionary lands,
Where vapours lift
A moment, and aerial strands
Gleam through the rift,

WILLIAM WATSON

The poet wins, in hours benign,
At older than the Delphic shrine,
Those intimations faint and fine
 To which belongs
Whatever character divine
 Invests his songs.

And could we live more near allied
To cloud and mountain, wind and tide,
Cast this unmeaning coil aside,
 And go forth free,
The World our goal, Desire our guide,—
 We then might see

Those master moments grow less rare,
And oftener feel that nameless air
Come rumouring from we know not where;
 And touch at whiles
Fantastic shores, the fringes fair
 Of fairy isles,

And hail the mystic bird that brings
News from the inner courts of things,
The eternal courier-dove whose wings
 Are never furled;
And hear the bubbling of the springs
 That feed the world.

H. C. BEECHING

H. C. BEECHING PRAYERS

I

God Who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

II

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might;
And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

III

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Wisdom in strength's decay;
From pain, strife, wrong to be free?
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the
days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laugh-
ter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed
after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

FRANCIS THOMPSON

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
Yet was I sore adréad
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pur-
sue.

Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangéd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, thunder-driven,
They clangéd his chariot 'thwart a heaven,

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o'
their feet:—

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbéd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
“Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter
Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed,
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
“Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me” (said I) “your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses
Banqueting

FRANCIS THOMPSON

With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured dais,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spuméd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal
mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human
smart.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey
cheek.

For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by
silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,

Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:

Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noised Feet

A Voice comes yet more fleet—

"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st
not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!

My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from
me,

And smitten me to my knee;

I am defenceless utterly.

I slept, methinks, and woke,

And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.

In the rash lustihead of my young powers,

I shook the pillaring hours

FRANCIS THOMPSON

And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream

The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy
twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed

A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?

Ah! must—

Designer infinite!—

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst
limn with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver

Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is; what is to be?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpséd turrets slowly wash
again;

But not ere him who summoneth

I first have seen, enwound

With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;

His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields

Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand the bruit;

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:

"And is thy earth so marred

Shattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!

Wherefore should any set thee love apart?

Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He
said),

"And human love needs human meriting:

How hast thou merited—

Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?

Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art!

Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,

Save Me, save only Me?

FRANCIS THOMPSON

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me!"

IN NO STRANGE LAND

"The Kingdom of God is within you"

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder),
Cry:—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the flight, my soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging heaven by the hems;
And lo! Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THE KINGS

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O, brother, where might I go?

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

"The terrible kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering, witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,—

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these kings.

"Though out of the past they gather
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners
And ringleted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee, and thy beaten sires,—

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO

All else for use, One only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
These three are dear),

Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
And wander free amid my freeborn joys:
Oh, close my hand upon Beatitude!
Not on her toys.

LIONEL JOHNSON

LIONEL JOHNSON

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces, full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

MY OWN FATE

Each in his proper gloom;
Each in his dark, just place:
The builders of their doom
Hide, each his awful face.

Not less than saints, are they
Heirs of Eternity:

LIONEL JOHNSON

Perfect, their dreadful way;
A deathless company.

Lost! lost! fallen and lost!
With fierce wrath ever fresh:
Each suffers in the ghost
The sorrows of the flesh.

O miracle of sin!
That makes itself an home,
So utter black within,
Thither Light cannot come!

O mighty house of hate!
Stablished and guarded so,
Love cannot pass the gate,
Even to dull its woe!

Now, Christ compassionate!
Now, bruise me with thy rod:
Lest I be mine own fate,
And kill the Love of God.

A BURDEN OF EASTER VIGIL

Awhile meet Doubt and Faith;
For either sigheth and saith,
That He is dead
To-day: the linen cloths cover His head,
That hath, at last, whereon to rest; a rocky bed.

A. E.

Come! for the pangs are done,
That overcast the sun,
So bright to-day!
And moved the Roman soldier: come away!
Hath sorrow more to weep? Hath pity more to
say?

Why wilt thou linger yet?
Think on dark Olivet;
On Calvary stem:
Think, from the happy birth at Bethlehem,
To this last woe and passion at Jerusalem!

This only can be said:
He loved us all; is dead;
May rise again.
But if He rise not? Over the far main,
The sun of glory falls indeed: the stars are plain.

A. E.

IMMORTALITY

We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's
fire;
For we can no more than smoke unto the flame
return,
If our thought has changed to dream, our will
unto desire.
As smoke we vanish though the fire may burn.

A. E.

Lights of infinite pity star the grey dusk of our
days:

Surely here is soul: with it we have eternal
breath:

In the fire of love we live, or pass by many ways,
By unnumbered ways of dream to death.

ANSWER

The warmth of life is quenched with bitter frost;
Upon a lonely road a child limps by
Skirting the frozen pools: our way is lost:
Our hearts sink utterly.

But from the snow-patched moorland chill and
drear,
Lifting our eyes beyond the spiréd height,
With white-fire lips apart the dawn breathes
clear
Its soundless hymn of light.

Out of the vast the voice of one replies
Whose words are clouds and stars and night
and day,
When for the light the anguished spirit cries
Deep in its house of clay.

RECONCILIATION

I begin through the grass once again to be bound
to the Lord;
I can see, through a face that has faded, the
face full of rest
Of the Earth, of the Mother, my heart with her
heart in accord,
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle
her breast
I begin with the grass once again to be bound to
the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of
the King
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten
and far,
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can
bring
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the
song of a star.
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy
of the King.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

INFINITY

I dare not think that Thou art by, to stand
And face omnipotence so near at hand!
When I consider Thee, how must I shrink;
How must I say, I do not understand,
I dare not think!

I cannot stand before the thought of Thee,
Infinite Fulness of Eternity!

So close that all the outlines of the land
Are lost,—in the inflowing of Thy sea
I cannot stand.

I think of Thee, and as the crystal bowl
Is broken, and the waters of the soul
Go down to death within the crystal sea,
I faint and fail when (Thou the perfect whole)
I think of Thee.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH

DEATH AT DAYBREAK

I shall go out when the light comes in—
There lie my cast-off form and face;
I shall pass Dawn on her way to earth,
As I seek for a path through space

FREDERICK HERBERT TRENCH

I shall go out when the light comes in;
Would I might take one ray with me!
It is blackest night between the worlds,
And how is a soul to see?

FREDERICK HERBERT TRENCH

A CHARGE

If thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem
Commission'd by thy absent Lord, and while
'Tis incomplete,
Others will bribe thy needy skill to them—
Dismiss them to the street!

Shouldst thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
And every spectre mutters up more dire
To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—
Then, to the helm, O Soul!

FREDERICK HERBERT TRENCH

Last: if upon the cold green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,
Both castaway
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey!

NOTES

- Page 1. — *Mary at the Cross*. The spelling of the original manuscript was unsuited to this volume. The text as it is given here was taken from the Percy Society publications and amended by Dr. George Macdonald's version in "England's Antiphon." *Tholé* = bear; *byhet* = foretold; *what shal me to rede* = what counsel shall I follow; *terés werne* = turn aside; *byswongen* = lashed; *maiden mon* = womankind; *mon* is here used in its generic sense; *grede* = cry; *of sunnés lisse* = for sin's release.
- Page 4. — *I syke when I sing*. To be found in the publications of the Percy Society, reprinted with interesting comment in "England's Antiphon." *Forlete* = yield up; *mete* = suitably; *bo* = both; *blé* = colour; *blo* = pale; *lemmon* = love; *wyke* = weep; *wood* = mad.
- Page 7. — *Winter Song*. This lyric testifies how ancient is the poet's sense of the sorrow of mutability. From time immemorial the poets have grieved that, "Now hit is ant now hit nys," and "Alle we shal dye thah us like ylle." The poem seems to me to have the very golden cadence of the perfect lyric, and to be as exquisite in its way as Shelley's *Mutability* or Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways." *Nys* is a delightful word for non-existent; *As hit ner nere y wys* = as though it never had been.

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Page 21. — *Easter*. No. 68 of the *Amoretti*.

Page 21. — *Time's Gifts*. These lines were written by Sir Walter Raleigh in prison the night before his execution. They have a twofold interest: the summing up of the gifts of time as earth and dust by one of the most richly endowed natures, one of the boldest and most adventurous spirits of the robust English Renaissance; and the expression of a living trust in a further life of greater compensations.

Page 22. — *Pilgrimage*. One of the few poems in this volume I have taken the liberty of cutting.

Page 23. — *In Desolation*. There is both the strength and the sweetness of resignation in this poem. It expresses the true mystic's sense of our fragmentary human outlook and uncertain sense of values, as well as his willingness to forego even religious peace if desolation be the basis whence solid virtues spring. The lines reminding us that God has given us nights as well as days, and that grace oftenest visits us clad in dusky robes are of surpassing loveliness. The whole poem, in its poignant emotion and beauty of expression, is comparable to *The Collar*, by George Herbert.

Page 28. — *Sonnet*. Consciously or unconsciously this striking first line must have inspired Drummond's "O leave that love that reaches but to dust" in Song II.

Page 32. — *The Waste of Shame*. The sonnet shows profound insight if not the mystic vision. It is, at any rate, a sincere facing of facts, and to face facts boldly and react upon them nobly is the very essence of modern religion.

Page 32. — *The Remedy*. The repetition of "My sinful earth" in the second line is copied from the original edition of the sonnets, although it is undoubtedly a

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printer's error. It is tantalizing that while we may be able to conjecture what song the syrens sang we can never supply here the completion of Shakespeare's tragic thought.

Page 36. — *John Donne*. It will repay any one interested in religious poetry to own the poems of John Donne if only for the one piece — *The Second Anniversary* from the *Anatomy of the World*. The poet is represented here somewhat inadequately, for he plays as important a part as Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, and Traherne in our most conspicuous group of English religious poets.

Page 40. — William Drummond of Hawthornden is one of the most philosophical and mystical of the poets of this century. He was concerned all his life to effect a marriage between Christian doctrine and Neoplatonic philosophy. Canon Beeching speaks of his religious poems as "more picturesque than devotional," but this judgment can only be accepted by those who feel that religion is, in its essence, at odds with philosophy instead of another face of the same shield. Drummond was a royalist and a churchman through all the disturbances of the Covenanters, but held throughout firmly to the philosopher's temper and the aristocrat's freedom of thought and utterance. Without being a plagiarist he is often reminiscent of his English forerunners, while many of his sonnets and madrigals are mere adaptations from Petrarch, Marino, Tasso, Guarini, and others.

Page 50. — *A Divine Rapture*. Several stanzas are omitted.

Page 53. — *Easter*. There are two distinct versions of this poem. I have culled the better stanza from each.

Page 53. — *The Collar*. Dr. George Macdonald says of this poem: "It is . . . an instance of wonderful art in construction, all the force of the germinal

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thought kept in reserve to burst forth at the last." It is a beautiful expression of an experience known to all who have lived in any large communion that lifts us apart from and beyond ourselves.

- Page 59. — *Man*. The stately habitations of this poem perhaps inspired Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's best-known stanza: "Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul." Stevenson, too, may have had it in mind when he wrote:

"My body that my dungeon is
And yet my parks and palaces."

That the poem was familiar to him may be derived from the likeness of his poem on *A Camp* to stanza six.

- Page 64. — *Urbs Beata Hierusalem*. The extraordinary pictorial value of this poem and its quaint and glowing fancy are enhanced by the romantic tradition that it was written by an obscure prisoner in the tower—one Francis Baker. A new poignancy is given by the knowledge of the writer's immediate environment, not only to the lovely descriptions but to the lines in which he mentions those things which are never to be found in the Holy City. The hymnals and anthologies have unanimously concurred in omitting the most interesting and charming stanzas, so that it is a matter of difficulty to come at a complete version. I have followed the most authoritative text of the poem, printed at the end of a longer poem, entitled, *Mary, the Mother of Christ*, 1601.

- Page 68. — *Though Late, my Heart*. From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602, reprinted by N. W. Nichols, 1826, and by Bullen, 1870.

- Page 70. — *The Heart's Chambers*. From John Danyel's "Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voice," about 1600.

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Page 71. — *A Heavenly Visitor*. From Bullen's "More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books." Reprinted there from a Christ Church manuscript.

Page 72. — *Milton*. For the somewhat fantastic spelling here, the persistent theorist and schoolmaster in Milton is solely accountable. It has, however, the merit of indicating the precise scansion and cadence of his verse so long misunderstood.

Page 108.—*Thomas Traherne*. The romantic tale of the discovery of a manuscript book of Traherne's poems by Mr. Bertram Dobell, after they had lain hid for more than two centuries, is now too well known to repeat. For those, however, who are unfamiliar with Mr. Dobell's critical introduction to the poems it may be interesting to point out how remarkably Traherne forecasts Wordsworth's *Ode on Some Intimations of Immortality*, and how he is often like in form as well as in blithe acceptance of man and the world to our own Walt Whitman.

Page 108.—*Wonder*. "The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold, the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! O, what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange, seraphic pieces of life and beauty. Boys and girls tumbling in the streets and playing were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the

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light of the day and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden and to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine and so were the sun and moon and stars and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it."—*Centuries of Meditations*. By Thomas Traherne. Century II., ¶ 3.

Page 123.—*The soul wherein God dwells*. I first ran across this little poem in the personal note-book of Miss Irene K. Leache, of Virginia. After giving it a tentative date, diligent search failed to discover the authorship. A decade and a half later I fell quite by chance upon a copy of the "*Cherubinischer Wandersmann*," by Johann Scheffler, that early seventeenth-century mystic who renounced a high place at court, and, under the name of Angelus Silesius, wandered through the country meditating, exhorting, and earning his living by the sale of dice, rosaries, playing-cards, and prayer-books. In the detached quatrains of the "*Cherubic Wanderer*" I recognized the stanzas of this little poem, though I am still ignorant as to who combined these particular lines or made the translation.

Page 125.—*The Keys of the Gates*. This poem goes with Blake's striking designs. The poem and the seventeen beautiful pictures make, as Allan Cunningham says, "a sort of devout dream equally wild and lovely." Even without the accompanying drawings one may delight in the mystic pantheism of the poem.

Page 149.—*Thanatopsis*. The entirely conventional and hortatory tone of this poem makes a striking and interesting contrast to the last lines of Shelley's

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Epilogue. Conventional and soothing exhortations have their own place in poetry. Bryant reads like a remnant of the early eighteenth century while Shelley strikes the note of liberty, revolt, and reconstruction so characteristic of the revolutionary end of the eighteenth century with its touching faith in the perfectibility of man, or of the nineteenth century with its bold iconoclasm and challenge to authority.

Page 204.—*The Prisoner.* The close of a long poem.

Page 206.—*The Search.* "La colombe demande un petit nid bien clos; le cadavre un tombe; l'âme le paradis."

Page 215.—*Rest.* Part IV of *Rest* in "Organ Songs."

Page 216.—*A Christmas Carol.* This and the following little song seem to have recaptured something of the sweetness and simplicity of the very earliest lyrics.

Page 217.—*That Holy Thing.* The idea that the birth of our Lord made a woman cry is against all tradition. The Second Eve, being free from the stain of original sin, is supposed to have brought forth her Son without travail and without pain.

Page 231.—*Sleeping at Last.* These were the poet's last lines, and therefore interesting to compare with Lord Tennyson's *Silent Voices* and the *Epilogue* of Robert Browning, one of his last and most characteristic utterances.

Page 260.—This poem is said to be by R. D. Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone*, although he never acknowledged the authorship.

Page 261.—From the poem entitled "To H. D. Traill."

Page 271.—*In No Strange Land.* In the "Selected Poems" of Francis Thompson, Mr. Wilfred Meynell appends

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the following note: "This poem (found among his papers when he died) Francis Thompson might yet have worked upon to remove, here a defective rhyme, there an unexpected elision. But no altered mind would he have brought to the purport of it; and the prevision of 'Heaven in Earth and God in Man' pervading his earlier published verse, we find here accented by poignantly local and personal allusions. For in these triumphing stanzas we hold in retrospect, as did he, those days and nights of human dereliction he spent beside London's river, and in the shadow — but all radiance to him—of Charing Cross."

The acute accent, to mark a sounded syllable, used necessarily in the early English poetry, has been retained throughout in the interests of uniformity. Certain idiosyncrasies of capitalisation and spelling in the later poets were retained out of respect for individual preference.

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THE END

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